

THE VULCAN REVIEW

VOL. I

VULCAN, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1912

No. 23

WE HAVE THE
Exclusive Agency
FOR
C.P.R. Lands
AND
Vulcan Townsite

Our representative will be found in the office of **M. F. Earp, Vulcan** and Railway Streets

ROBERTS & HUNT
T. B. LEBOW
Blacksmithing and General Wood Working
First class work Give us a call
Vulcan, Alberta

OKOTOKS UNDERTAKING PARLORS
JOHN WILSON
Funeral Director and Embalmer
Hearse and services day or night
Phone 20.
Okotoks, Alberta

PROFESSIONAL
G. M. CARSON, M.B.
Physician and Surgeon
Irving Block, Vulcan

SAM TAYLOR
Auctioneer for Vulcan and Vicinity
Dates made at Review Office
Lake McGregor or Vulcan

G. H. LEGLER
Auctioneer in all its branches
Phone 83, Nanton.

O. A. REID
Builder and Contractor
Vulcan, Alta.

VULCAN BAKERY
Call and get acquainted
F. SMART, Prop.

BLACKSMITH SHOP and GENERAL REPAIRING
PLOW WORK & HORSESHOEING
E. W. ROBSON, Proprietor

Vulcan Markets

Butter	.25
Eggs	.25
Potatoes	.50
Chickens	.15
Pork, dressed	.11
Beef	.10
Flour, cwt.	3.50
Patent Flour, cwt.	2.75

M. W. A.
Zenith camp, No. 13859, Modern Woodmen of America, meets every first and third Saturday nights of each month, at the Hub hall. Visiting neighbors are welcome.
E. J. CHARTERS, A. J. FLOOD, V.C. Clerk

The Observer

In preparing advertisements it is well to watch the local trend of trade, and come out strong on special lines that are calculated to go big. Don't spread out over your entire stock, but select a few choice articles and bear down good and strong on these.

Get out of the beaten line of talk as much as possible. Inject individuality into your advertising. Specify. For a hardware merchant to advertise nails, hammers, screws and drivers, is a waste of space. All know the staple articles are to be had. But, suppose your hardware dealer advertises like this:

An Auger that will Bore a Square Hole
All sizes—25c to \$1.00

That is startling and gets the attention of every mechanic. There is always something new, and the novelty always appeals whether it be in dry-goods, groceries, paints or haberdashery. There is a linen collar with darts in the place of buttonholes, making the collar much easier of adjustment. It may be sold in this burg but it is not advertised. The dealer who will advertise it will sell some collars, believe me.

The world advances by extra achievement of the individual. YOU are the individual.

Elsewhere on this page is illustrated the folly of hiding behind a signature. Reference is made to the communication regarding the Municipal Labor Bureau in Calgary. The communication was typewritten on a printed letter head but no printed name appeared. The signature is not decipherable and a blank is substituted in the reproduction. Unintelligible signatures are the bane of printers. Rubber stamps are better. If a man seeks to hide behind his name it is a conceded privilege, but a dinged poor policy. An unintelligible signature is the more easily forged to the degree of passing for the genuine, on the wrapper or branded on the cork. A crusade agin hyperglyphics saith the printer. The ukase has gone forth. Hence and forth a silk tile is in the ring. The crusade against blind signatures is on, respect for Bill (his X mark) Smith is more than popular. Selah, begone, also scat!

Since the above was put in type the signature giving origin to this riot was submitted. A learned doctor who, after Egyptian research produced the following translation: "In the second dynasty, erected by Ramases II. to commemorate the 400th anniversary of his first lesson with the stylus," etc.

Nothing will force Church Union into actual consummation more rapidly than the inability of the churches to secure ministers. The Methodists are finding that Great Britain which has been a source of supply for some years, is becoming exhausted and a very serious problem faces that church in its work in Western Canada on that account. For some years the home church has been unable to even meet with the demand in Eastern Canada. With the growth of the west the demand for men will increase and the only sensible solution is for the unite. In hundreds of



MR. W. H. FAIRFIELD
Director of the Dominion Experiment station at Lethbridge, and chairman of the jury of awards of the International Dry-farmed products exposition to be held October 19-26, 1912

places today two, three and sometimes four churches are being conducted where one is sufficient. Economy in this way would enable the churches to supply new congregations.

The Provincial Government is sending out over the lines of the C.P.R. and C. N. R. during the months of October and November, a "mixed farming special." The train is made up of nine cars one baggage car containing exhibits of grains, grasses, weeds and dairy products, one with a poultry display, two containing pure-bred live stock and two passenger cars to be used as lecture rooms. In addition to the farm dairy and poultry experts noted lecturers will accompany the train. Also, particular attention will be given to animal husbandry with the view of encouraging the Alberta farmers to breed more and better stock.

The train will be at Vulcan on November 5 at 2 p.m.

A certain class of newspaper men assert that a farmer is the most independent man on earth, and that he has nothing to do but to enjoy life. Then when winter comes and the blizzard's on the wing he toasts his feet in the oven and reads the local newspaper, and the only thing that disturbs him is the call three times a day to a banquet of mince pies and other luxuries. It is a mistake. The industrious farmer begins work long before the sun thinks of getting up. With his soiled shrouded in gloom he proceeds to build a fire and soften his boots with a sledge hammer. He then takes a lantern and shovels his way to the barn and feeds the hogs. It is then time to feed the newly arrived calf, which seems to delight in butting a pail of milk over the tiller of the soil until he only needs to be stamped to pass for a package of oleo-margarine. He crawls through a barb wire fence and digs the hay out of the snow, feeds the cow, cleans out the stable, gathers up the frozen chicks, chases a stray pig worth 25 cents four miles and does not catch it, doctors a sick horse, freezes his fingers, gets kicked by a heifer breaking to milk, and when the gloaming comes and quietness broods over all the earth, he has a single half hour to meditate and wonder how he will pay his taxes.

I. O. O. F.

I. O. O. F. Samaritan Lodge, No. 91 meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting Brothers welcome. A. N. White, N.G. J. B. Lukins, R.S.

E. M. Severson, formerly of Russo, N. Dakota, returned to Vulcan last week.

Farm Lands

Money to Loan

One to Ten Years

We can give you a Loan cheaper than any other company and on terms to suit yourself

Fire Insurance

Vulcan TOWN LOTS

WE CAN ALWAYS FIX you up. Call in and see us in our new offices.

ARTHUR MITCHELL & CO

Late of Roberts & Hunt

Municipal Labor Bureau

Calgary, September 18.—May 1, as the originator and organizer of this bureau, ask the courtesy of your columns to inform you and the employers among your readers of its existence?

It has been established with the object of

1 Giving reliable information to men, women, boys and girls as to openings in employment.

2 Providing a common meeting ground between employer and employee.

3 Assisting in minimizing the unemployment during the winter months.

The very hearty co-operation of the Lieutenant Governor and the Premier of the province has been given, as well as of many powerful organizations.

The Bureau has the double advantage of working with the support of the Municipal Authorities and of an Advisory Committee consisting of Col. Sanders, R. B. Bennett, K.C., M.P., Wm. Georgeson, Senr., H. A. Riley, M. P. P., Col. Walker, W. J. Dyson.

Enquiries may be made from us by telephone 1151, telephone, or personal interview at 711 2nd, St. E. Calgary.

Faithfully yours
(Signature undecipherable.)

Deering Agency

This is the season when you should look after your **Binders and Mowers** and if they need repairs have them fixed. Also do not forget to order your

Binder Twine

and be prepared against a shortage

M. E. SHAW, Agt., VULCAN

P. TERRY

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

PLANS AND ESTIMATES

VULCAN, - - ALTA.

Massey-Harris

If you want a Binder that will get All Your Grain Get a Massey-Harris
If you want a plow that will do the work Get a Verity, Golden Age or Great West
Our Golden Age Sulky cannot be beaten
Our Bain Wagon will stay with you. Get one of our Olds Gas Engines and do the work you are now doing with crank and hand.
Two reliable firms are standing by you—Olds and Massey-Harris.
Agents for Dominion and McLaughlin Buggies
Agents for the Big 4 Gas Engine

CUMMING & PARKINSON, Agents J. B. LUKENS-Manager, Vulcan

AUTOMOBILE AND GAS ENGINE ACCESSORIES

Spark Plugs Cells
Battery Testers Oils Tools
Skiddo Soap Paste
Melotte Cream Separators
Boss Washing Machines

H. F. RICHARDSON
The New Store, Vulcan

LUMBER

Shingles, Lath, Doors, Windows
Everything in Building Materials

CROWN LUMBER COMPANY LTD.

Do you know

That a building erected with green material is a waste of time and money? We have a Complete Stock of Seasoned Material. No matter what amount you want, come in and get our prices before you buy.

E. M. Anderson, Mgr., Vulcan, Alberta.

Scars That Stay

There are people who tell you that everything in the body is changed every seven years, and that there is no part of it which was seven years ago. This does not mean that the body changes its form all at once, as a snake does its skin or a deer its antlers, but simply that the innumerable and tiny atoms which are used up by the daily wear and tear are replaced by fresh atoms supplied by our food and drink, which keep the body going, just as coal and water keep the steam engine at work.

But these changes are so minute and gradual that the form of the body remains the same, although such things as scars take a long time to disappear, and sometimes they remain for life, although they always lose a great deal of their prominence. You may have noticed that if you cut your finger lightly it will soon heal up and the scar presently disappears, just as the marks of a superficial burn will gradually go away; but if the cut is deep the scar remains. This is because it went down to what is called the true skin. Any cuts, stains, or burns on the outer skin are gradually pushed up and worn or washed off, just as the hair on the back of your hand wears off without your cutting it and grows again; but anything that goes down to the true skin, like tattoo marks, always remains.

Jim—What did the telephone girl say when she handed back Jack's solitaire and broke the engagement. Tom—Ring off.

SANOL

A GERMAN SPECIALISTS' DISCOVERY WILL POSITIVELY CURE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Bladder Stone, Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, Gravel and all Ailments of Uric Acid Origin

SANOL EXPELS URIC ACID NEVER FAILS TO CURE

(Hundreds of cured patients can prove our statement).

Sufferers will receive pamphlet free on request.

Sanol. PRICE \$1.50 per bottle in liquid form from Druggists, or direct from the

SANOL MFG. CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

You ought to wear **SANFORD'S SOVEREIGN BRAND CLOTHES** Reliable merchants have them in stock

THE 'ALBERTA' HOTEL
715 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG
A few doors south of C.P.R. Depot
Rates \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day
Cuisine unexcelled
Hot and cold water in every room
Hotel practically fireproof
All Outside Rooms

THE ARLINGTON CHALLENGE WATERPROOF COLLARS
Are the best ever made and are guaranteed to give you satisfaction. At all dealers, or send us 25 cents stating city and size required.
The Arlington Co., of Canada, Ltd., 68 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Ont.

THE JOHN INGLIS CO., Limited
Engineers and Boilermakers
Boilers of all kinds—Engines, Pumps, and Heavy Plate Work
Write us for Prices
14 Strachan Ave., Toronto, Canada

If you want to purchase a carload of **Good Ontario Apples** Communicate with H. H. DAWSON 90 Colbourne Street, Toronto

Pre-Nuptial Sacrifices
Are you going to give up smoking? Certainly.
And drinking? Gladly.
And you will resign from all your clubs? Willingly.
Think, dearest, if there is anything else you can give up.
Well, for one thing, I give up all ideas of marrying you.

Scotland has a total population not much more than half that of Greater London.

Liquid Sulphur Nature's Remedy Cures

Rheumatism, Eczema, Stomach and Kidney Troubles, Asthma, Sore Throat, Catarrh and Dyspepsia. Use Liquid Sulphur Foot Bath for tired or sore feet. Try the Liquid Sulphur Bath, they are very beneficial to the whole system, and only costs a few cents each.

Liquid Sulphur is 100 times better than sulphur in any other form.

EACH BOTTLE A CURE

Thousands of Vancouver citizens can tell you how Liquid Sulphur has cured them.

If your druggist cannot supply you, we will send by mail, at our own risk, upon receipt of price 40c. or \$1.00 size. Postage prepaid. Prepared only by

CHACE & JACKSON, Vancouver, B.C.

DURO

TRADE MARK REG.

Sheathing Paper

—a high-grade paper, odorless, tasteless, free from tar, waterproof, exceptionally strong—will not tear. A durable and effective interlining for walls, floors and ceilings.

Examine DURO carefully at your dealer's, or write for sample and Booklet to the

Sole Canadian Manufacturers **THE STANDARD PAINT CO. of Canada, Limited,** Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

The Black Hand

Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up, said the regular reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. Tell me about it, he said. What we want is news. What stirred it up?

Flowing, said the farmer.

CAN NOW WORK WITH COMFORT

THE OLD PAINS AND ACHES ARE NOW ONLY A MEMORY

Tells of the Wonderful Benefits Obtained From

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Like many another Newfoundlander living far from doctors, Mr. Stone feels unbounded gratitude for the benefits obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

For years he had suffered from a congested condition of the liver and kidneys, with headaches, backaches, pains in limbs and body. Words fail to describe his sufferings as well as the gratitude he wants to express for the cure.

Mr. Alex J. Stone, West Point, Nfld., writes: "I suppose you thought I had forgotten all about you when I got Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but I haven't. You must excuse mistakes, for like many Newfoundlander men I have not much education, but I want to thank you many times for your medicine."

"I cannot tell you what I suffered from liver and kidney derangements, indigestion and constipation, nor can I find words to express how much good this medicine has done me. I feel better than I have for five years and have given some of these pills to friends who tell me they have done them a wonderful lot of good. I want to express my heartfelt gratitude for the benefits derived from the great medicine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited Toronto.

Mary, where is that chicken pie I told you to heat up for me? Well, mum, you told me to heat it up, and I've heated it up.

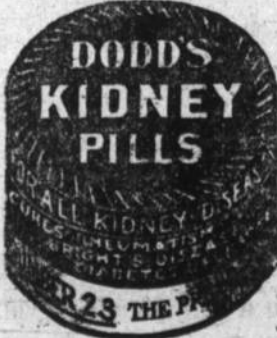
Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

My little girl, 5 years old, is an auto enthusiast. One day she had been out for a long ride and reached home at bedtime. Being tired, she threw herself across her bed and said: O, mama, my tires are flat.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

Why, Irene, dear, what has happened? It is not a month since your marriage, and I find you in tears already.

Ah, Hilda, darling! George is standing as candidate for Parliament, you know, and I've only just learnt from the Opposition papers what a really dreadful man I have married.



PRISON TIGERS

Exploits of Untamable Convicts

No, it is not the old lags who give the most trouble, said an officer in one of our great convict prisons to a newspaper representative. Men who have served several terms invariably learn sense. One of the best-convicts in prison has served a term of thirty years in all. They say he was like a wild beast when he first came in, and that he was bashed (dogged) three times during his first lagging. Now you could trust him to do his job without an officer in sight of him.

You believe in lagging, then? Certainly I do. It's the only hold we have over the desperate type of criminal. Now and then we get a kind of wild beast in the shape of a man that is every bit as dangerous as a tiger fresh out of the jungle. Nothing but a bashing does one of that sort any good. They had one of that kind in Portland lately. On May 11th of last year he was being brought in from the quarry, when the officer in charge of the gang told him to walk quicker.

He lifted his pickaxe and caught the warden over the head and very nearly killed him. The visiting justices ordered him thirty lashes with the cat, which is the severest punishment that has been given in Portland for more than twenty years past.

You don't often hear of a man, being taken out of prison, tried afresh, and given a fresh sentence for something he did in prison. But that is what happened at Parkhurst a few years ago. A chap who was just one of these mad beasts I'm telling you about went for another lag and precious nearly killed him. They had him up at Winchester Assizes. The judge gave him another ten years and said he wished he could have made it fifteen.

The suffragettes give a deal of trouble? ventured the contributor. I believe they do; but they're not the only ones that have to be forcibly fed.

They had a man in Carmarthen Prison—a German, accused of murdering three people all at once—who would sit quite still all day, without speaking or moving; he wouldn't eat, and would have died of starvation if they hadn't used the tube. Everyone tried their hand with him—governor, chaplain, doctor—but no one could do anything with him. He even had to be dressed and undressed like a doll. Anyone might have thought he was crazy; but the doctors didn't believe so. They reckoned he was the finest malingering that ever was seen in prison.

Some of the younger prisoners are worse than the older men. What do you think of this case, now?

A middle-aged man named Cully was arrested at Darlington about two years ago, and put in the same cell with a lad whose name I won't mention, as he is still alive. In the middle of the night Cully took out a piece of cord which he had hidden in the lining of his coat.

Who's going first? he said to the lad.

Well, I'm not going, said the boy. Cully then hanged himself, while the boy lay and watched him, and never made a sound.

Why didn't you shout? asked the coroner, at the inquest next day?

I forgot, said the boy.

The worst prisoner on record was a big Italian named Mayoni, who was lying in a Northern prison charged with murder. One morning early he began smashing everything in his cell, and before the officers could gather he had managed to burst the door. How he did it was a wonder, for three ordinary men couldn't have made any impression on it.

Then he came rushing out, armed with a piece of lead pipe, which he had wrenched from the wall, and it looked as if someone was going to be killed. One of the officers ran upstairs, got on the gallery above and chucked a bucket of cold water down on Mayoni's head. Then the others made a rush. You'll hardly believe it, but it took fifteen men to get him down and handcuff him!

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON, Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N.B., Sept. 17, 1904.

Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven.

The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he, I don't see why he should not, but—after a pause—I doubt whether the man next door will.

She had tried vainly to stop the tram in the usual feminine fashion, but without result, until at least eight people had shouted "Hi," stentorously, and half a dozen small boys had entered for an impromptu whistling competition.

At last she was aboard, and she stared viciously at the conductor.

Why didn't you stop the car for me? she demanded.

How was I to know you wanted to get on? he retorted.

Didn't you see me swinging my arms and jumping up and down and vigorously waving my umbrella?

Course I did, he said agreeably. Nobody could help it. The whole street was looking at you!

Then why didn't you stop?

she asked in exasperation.

Oh, I thought you were just dancing to the street-organ! was the conductor's quiet reply.

A good story is told of Dr. Fitchett of the Australian Parliament. During a debate in Parliament on some education question a member of the Opposition became rather excited, and exclaimed—

Why, at this very moment I have a school in my eye, where—

Not quite, interrupted Dr. Fitchett, only one pupil, I believe.

The illustration shows one of the many styles of body that we build for our Light Delivery Car.

22 1-2 H. P.

4 Cylinder

4 Cycle

Water

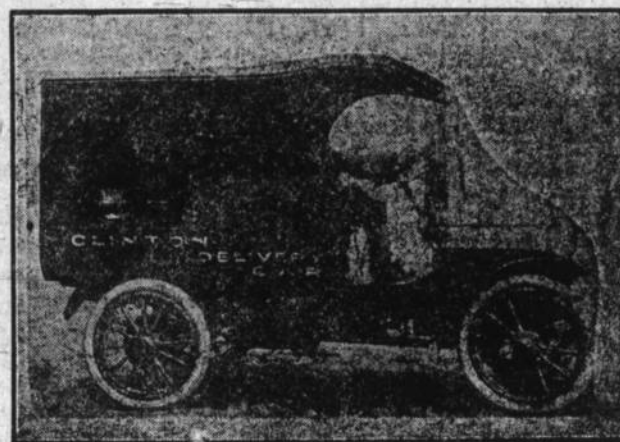
Cooled

Motor

With

Dow

Magneto



Price of Car with above body lettered as you require \$1300.00

f. o. b. Clinton. Get Catalogue and information from

CLINTON MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., CLINTON, ONT.

Or STERNS & BURTON, SASKATOON

The Northern Trusts Company

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

This company acts in the capacity of

TRUSTEE, EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR

and we shall be glad to forward copy of our booklet "Something about Trusts, Trustees and Trust Companies," on request.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTY AT CURRENT RATES OF INTEREST

Weak Kidneys Don't Cure Themselves

They need such help as Nature provides.

An excellent aid to impaired kidneys is

sweet nitre. It is one of the curative

agents in DR. CLARK'S SWEET

NITRE PILLS and is helped in its

work by five other splendid medi-

cines. Take DR. CLARK'S

SWEET NITRE PILLS at

once when you have lame

back, pains in the joints,

spots before the eyes, frequent

headaches, etc. They help you to health

and keep you well. Sold everywhere at

fifty cents a box or mailed direct by

THE MARTIN, ROSE & WYNN CO.

Winnipeg, Canada

45



Economy

The services in the chapel of a certain western university are from time to time conducted by eminent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities.

On one occasion, when one of these visiting divines asked the president of the university how long he should speak, that witty officer replied:

There is no limit, doctor, upon the time you may preach; but I may tell you that there is a tradition here that the most souls are saved during the first twenty-five minutes.

The Lady—So you're really one of the striking miners.

The Loafer—Yus, lidy. I'm wot they call one o' the pioneers o' the movement. I went on strike twenty-three years ago, lidy, and I ain't never give in yet.

Not a Walter

Armed with guns and huge game bags, the two Irishmen sallied forth in search of sport. It was their first venture at shooting and they were dreadfully keen.

Suddenly Casey spotted a bird; and taking careful aim, prepared to fire the fatal shot. Then Pat seized him by the arm frantically.

For mercy's sake don't fire, Casey, he yelled. Sure, an' ye've forgotten to load your gun!

That's a, may be, my lad, retorted Casey, but fire I must. Begorrah the bird won't wait.

Maude was home from Gliton.

Will you, she said to her mother, pass me my diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations?

She was asking for her thimble.

CLEAN HANDS



15c a Tin.

Don't let them fool you with a cheap imitation. SNAIL is the ORIGINAL and BEST HAND CLEANER. Will remove grease and stains of all kinds.

ROAD TO NORTH SEA

COCHRANE BELIEVES IN HUDSON BAY ROUTE

Visits the North and Returns With First Hand Information—Has Now Every Faith in Practicability of the Undertaking, and Will Put Energy Into the Work.

Ottawa.—I have returned from the North a convert to the Hudson Bay route, if I needed conversion. I have returned with every faith in the scheme; I will shove this road for all I'm worth.

Thus spoke Hon. Frank Cochrane on his return to his office from his trip over the route of the railroad and home by the Bay Straits. Now he was in conference most of the day with J. P. Gordon, assistant engineer of the road, and other experienced men as regards the terminals.

I see, said Mr. Cochrane, that the papers are saying Port Nelson has been selected as the terminals. This is not correct; I have not come to a decision. The engineers are working on the pros and cons of the route and weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the two ports. I want to be absolutely right in my decision.

I expect the answer of the engineers within a day or so and then there will be a final announcement.

It is understood that Mr. Cochrane found Fort Churchill by far the best natural route. It will take several millions to make Nelson an up-to-date terminal.

On the other hand the Nelson route is eight miles shorter. This is one thing the engineers are estimating, as to whether the saving by the shorter route to Nelson overbalances the extra harbor cost or not.

We intend to make this a good road and make no mistake, said Mr. Cochrane with emphasis. It will be a splendidly built line; we have a fourth-grade grade, we are using 80 lb rails so you will see it is no poor line.

I believe that the Hudson Bay route will mean much to the West in the way of lower freight rates. It will be a real leveler East and West. Just consider how much cheaper iron, steel, and coal for instance, from Sydney, could be shipped to the prairies. It will be of the greatest advantage to the East and I believe Eastern opposition is dying out.

We found the bay free from ice—in fact the only ice we saw to amount to anything was the bergs near Belle Isle, where all the Atlantic steamers encounter them.

The straits are very wide, and with the aid of the wireless I believe can be kept open for a long period. Wireless stations and other aids to navigation will be established as soon as needed. The Government steamers Arctic and Minto are under orders to remain as long as possible in the straits to find out definitely how long they are open. If the route was only open two months after the wheat of the west started to move it would be worth while; as you are as near Liverpool as from Halifax.

Saskatoon which is about the centre of the wheat growing district, I am told, is six hundred miles from Nelson and nine hundred or thereabouts from Fort William.

At Fort William there is still fifteen hundred miles to go to reach Montreal, while the ocean route to England is about the same as from Hudson Bay.

The insurance of course will be higher for some years at least while the season is short and it may be hard to make ends meet in the race first. However, I believe they will shortly, in fact the will have to, if at all possible be reduced.

NATIVES TO VOTE

One of India's Rulers Will Try Interesting Experiment

London.—That the 500,000 natives who form the population of the Indian state of Jhalawar are to have a chance of trying constitutional government is due largely to their ruler's desire for a new sensation. The Maharaja of Jhalawar, an enlightened despot who is allowed a pretty free hand by the British authorities, and while in London he amused himself by looking into the constitutional system. He was tickled to death by British parliamentary methods and immediately decided to experiment on his own account. Like a cautious despot, however, he isn't going to allow his subjects too much freedom all at once, and he does not figure on giving votes to more than about five thousand of his most trustworthy men just yet.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY SURVEY

Party Reach Dawson After Marking Line Between Yukon and Alaska

Dawson.—The International Boundary survey party, which has been marking the line between Alaska and Yukon Territory, arrived here recently, having completed the task of surveying the 142nd meridian from the Pacific to the Arctic Ocean.

At the north end of the line a bronze monument was placed just out of reach of the highest waves and smaller monuments were set every three miles along the line.

Geologists accompanied the expedition and made a complete survey.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO RUSSIA

Her Majesty Will be Guest of Empress Marie This Winter

London.—Queen Alexandra will spend several weeks in Russia this coming winter. Her Majesty will be the guest of the Empress Marie at the castle of Gatchina, an interesting and picturesque imperial residence. The Queen-Dowager may visit the Kaiserin at Potsdam next month.

Immigrants for Fisheries

Vancouver.—Sir George Doughty, who has acquired large fishing interests in the Queen Charlotte Islands and other northern points, before leaving here for England today, declared that the Canadian government should do something towards bringing in a class of immigrants that could be used in the fisheries.

LLOYD-GEORGE MAY VISIT U.S.

Says He Will Take First Opportunity of Visiting the States

London.—Replying to a deputation of American-Whitesmen who invited him to attend the International Exhibition at Pittsburgh next year, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George said he had received many invitations to visit the United States but of late years he had been rather busy—much busier than some people would like to see him. He certainly meant to avail himself of the first opportunity of paying that visit. It was, however, out of the question to accept an invitation for the next Fourth of July, but if there was a possibility that a more convenient day could be fixed, he would certainly take the matter into consideration. Nothing, said Mr. Lloyd-George, would give him greater pleasure than to talk in their own tongue to his fellow countrymen in the great continent of America.

MONEY ORDEES IN THE YUKON

Post Office Department Re-Arrange Matters so that Cost be Halved

Ottawa, Ont.—The Finance Department announces an important improvement in the conditions under which business is transacted between the Yukon and other parts of Canada and the United States.

By an arrangement dating back to January 1, 1903, the cost of money orders issued at post offices in the Yukon, payable in Canada and the United States was double that charged elsewhere in Canada. The post office and Finance Department have recently been looking into the matter, and have re-arranged the agreement with the Canadian Bank of Commerce so that the business is done on the same basis as that which prevails in other parts of the country, no special tolls being charged. Thus the cost of these transactions has been halved.

TOUR OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE

The "Presse" of Montreal Commends such a trip for Canadian Business Men

Montreal.—The Presse editorially commends the scheme of the Chambre de Commerce to organize a tour of England and France by Canadian business men representing all chambers of commerce throughout the Dominion.

The idea, says The Presse, is easy of realization. We are convinced every chamber of commerce throughout Canada will be glad to aid in the perfecting of such a scheme.

To a body of business men thus brought together the Government itself would, we feel sure, be happy to accord the sanction of its authority.

Grain Elevator Syndicate

Toronto.—Inquiry at the Toronto office of the Royal Securities Company regarding the purchase of 80 grain elevators in the west by Sir Max Aitken and R. B. Bennett M.P. for Calgary, elicited the fact that Sir Max's trip to the West was taking with the expressed intention of putting this deal through.

The capacity of the elevators just purchased is three million bushels. It is the intention of the new company to ship their cargoes by way of the Pacific and through the Panama Canal.

Alberta Lumber Merger

Lethbridge.—One of the biggest deals which has been consummated this year, affecting the lumber business in southern Alberta was closed when the Farmers' Lumber Company sold out its outside yards to the Citizens' and Pioneer Lumber Companies, which are now practically merged, with their head offices here.

Ten yards are affected, those sold are at Grass Lake, Purple Springs, Winifred, Whittia, Milk River, New Dayton, Magrath, Diamond City, Taber and Burdett. The Lethbridge yard is retained by the Farmers' Lumber Co. No figures as to the amount of money involved in the deal have been made public.

Sir Thomas Lipton to Visit West

Toronto.—The Mail and Empire says:—Sir Thomas Lipton has at last definitely decided to visit Canada. He will be in Toronto and other Canadian cities some time during October. The details of his itinerary have not been completed but he is known before long. He is leaving near the end of September with the object of taking a pleasure trip through the United States and Canada, especially the north-western portion of the continent. He intended to take this trip when he was in America in 1909 but was prevented from so doing. He intends this time to go as far as the Pacific Coast.

Lloyd's Gives China Loan

London.—An agreement for a loan to China for \$50,000,000 at 5 per cent. for forty years, was signed August 30, by the Chinese minister and representatives of Lloyd's Bank. The loan is secured upon unpledged revenue, chiefly the salt duty. It is to be free of control and supervision, which proved an obstacle to the loan by the six nation group. The salt duty however is to be controlled by the British Inspector-general of customs, in case of default.

Wendell Jackson, an American, is said to have arranged the agreement. It is understood in some quarters that the Chinese minister was without the power to sign the agreement.

How it Affects Canada

Montreal.—The department of public works will shortly issue a report on the probable effect on Canadian transcontinental traffic, particularly as regards grain, on the opening of the Panama canal. It will be stated that wheat going through the canal and coming in contact with the heat that will inevitably be experienced in that latitude will be liable to what is technically known as sweating and conditions will be created that will foster weevils. For these reasons shippers will be advised in their own interests to continue shipping their grain by northern water routes.

GREAT RAILWAY CHAIN

HUGE RAILWAY PROJECT IN CHINA IS ADVOCATED

Dr. Sun Yat Sen Has a Progressive Programme for the Modernization of China—Concessions to be Given to Foreigners, and Country to be Opened to Foreign Enterprise

Peking.—The project for a great scheme for Chinese railways, which holds the foremost place in Dr. Sun Yat Sen's programme for the modernization of China, has commanded the support of the Peking Government and it may involve a great extension of the privileges of foreigners in the country, and the possibility of an immense increase in Chinese foreign trade.

The Government has authorized Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who was formerly provisional president of the Republic to establish a railway corporation to carry out a system of national railways covering territory 70,000 miles in extent.

Mixed Chinese and foreign companies will be granted concessions throughout China proper, for periods of 90 years, after which time the lines are to revert to China.

Similar concessions are to be given to foreigners for the intermediate districts, but the railroads in the frontier provinces will be under exclusively Chinese control and will be financed through foreign loans apart from the other railways.

The whole of China to foreign enterprise but to make foreigners amenable to Chinese law, for which special courts are to be established.

The Government has not sanctioned the last feature of the projects, but Dr. Sen fully expects they will approve.

The French, German and American banks will participate with Lloyd's Bank in the new loans to China of \$50,000,000 the agreement for which recently was signed.

The terms of this agreement include the starting of a bank, having its head office in London, with a prominent English financier as chairman of the board of directors, and a subordinate board at Peking.

The bank is to be capitalized at \$10,000,000, half of which will be subscribed by Chinese.

President Yuan Shi Kai proposes to give Dr. Sen 30,000 taels (\$20,000) monthly to promote his scheme of railways throughout China, and the Provincial Assembly is expected to agree to this.

Dr. Sen proposes to borrow abroad giving the railways as security until the profits will pay the loans, whereupon the lines will become Government property.

This is considered a clever political move, for while many sections of the country distrust Yuan Shi Kai recognizing only his capability, Dr. Sun Yat Sen is a popular hero, who is most likely to persuade the National Assembly to accept foreign railways, which was the cause of revolution.



KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY AND PRINCE OLAF

BEAUTIFYING OTTAWA CITY

Sir Thomas Mawson—Makes Some Suggestions to Premier-Borden

Ottawa.—Sir Thomas Mawson, the celebrated English landscape architect who is in Ottawa en route to Vancouver, for which city he has drafted a scheme of natural development had a conference with Premier Borden in regard to the Government plans to further beautify the Capital.

It is understood that Mr. Mawson made some suggestions which would improve the plans of beautifying outlined by the existing Improvement Commission.

Mr. Mawson declined to discuss the report he is likely to be engaged by the Government to carry on the work for the present Government.

No Joke About It

London.—The Times, in an editorial this morning declares that the idea advanced by some American papers that the British Panama protest is not meant seriously is erroneous. The Times adds:

Great Britain has no intention of allowing her treaty rights to go by default, but will assert them by all the diplomatic means at her disposal and if these fail, she will demand arbitration at The Hague.

Naval Triple Alliance

London.—The Daily Graphic suggests that the decision of France to concentrate her fleet in the Mediterranean taken together with England's virtual desertion of the Mediterranean in favor of the North Sea, is the corollary of the recent Russo-French naval agreement, and indicates a practical understanding for a naval triple alliance between England, France and Russia.

75,000 DEATHS IN CHINA STORM

Typhoon Means Millions Homeless and Destitute as Crops are Ruined

Shanghai.—That the number of deaths in the typhoon which swept Chekiang Province, August 29, was nearer 75,000 than 40,000, as first reported is indicated by messages received from Hankow, the provincial capital.

The number of homeless and destitute, it is stated, run into millions; unless aid is immediately forthcoming hundreds of thousands will die of starvation.

Local relief committees are doing their best to relieve the situation, but the magnitude of the disaster has swamped them.

The government lacks funds. Several foreign missionaries are reported to have drowned.

The catastrophe's suddenness was appalling.

The storm began early in the morning and during the forenoon the wind attained hurricane violence.

About time for high tide there came a sudden torrential downpour of rain, which overflowed numerous streams, emptying into the Yellow sea along the Chekiang coast.

With rivers already over their shoal-banks, the incoming tide rushed up their estuaries to an unprecedented height.

The water rose faster than a man could run and almost in an instant all the coast towns were inundated.

Then it receded with a rush, carrying several towns with all their inhabitants with it, leaving scarcely a trace of them behind.

Wenchow, with a population of 30,000, among the cities is practically obliterated.

Of Chu Chow and Tain Tien little remains and of Keono nothing is left.

Chekiang is the smallest, but one of the most thickly populated provinces in China.

It has nearly 127,000,000 inhabitants. Along the coast, very low and flat and gridironed by an immense number of canals and rivers the most intensive culture of its farm is necessary to support the people, and the destruction by the flood of thousands of acres of crops inevitably means an enormous loss of life by famine.

Shanghai and Hangchow, two of the most important cities in Eastern China also suffered considerably by the typhoon.

Russian Marines Arrested

London.—Four hundred men attached to the Battleship Ioann Zlatoust and the protected cruiser Kagul and Pamyat Merkuria, of the Russian Black Sea fleet have been arrested at Sebastopol according to an Odessa dispatch to the Standard. Captain Shubin, one of those taken into custody attempted suicide. Many petty officers are included among the prisoners.

Arrests continue in connection with the arrests on warships and the private quarters of officers ashore are being systematically searched.



KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY AND PRINCE OLAF

THE MARKET REPORT

Weekly Grain Letter Supplied by Thompson, Sons & Co., Grain Merchants, Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Sept. 4.—During the past week there has been no improvement in the character of the weather over the spring wheat country of the United States and Western Canada. Days of bright sunshine and drying breezes have alternated with downpours of rain. In South Dakota and Minnesota threshing and movement is being delayed and where grain is standing in the fields in stacks the alternate soaking and drying is damaging the quality. In the north and west parts of North Dakota much of the crop is still uncut, and where cut and ready to thresh is being delayed and to some extent depreciated by the rains.

In the province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta the situation is really discouraging. We have one of the finest crops on the ground ever raised in western Canada, taking yield and quality together, but probably not more than 60 to 65 per cent. of it is cut yet.

It is practically all fully matured, very different from last year's crop at this time vast quantities of which were never matured but perished by the cold rains and frosty nights during August, and then later on could not be harvested owing to continued rains and in some places snow, the same being most unfavorable for saving and threshing the grain that was cut, and yet for all that the west turned out within the twelve months a tremendous quality of wheat of one grade and another, all of which has seemingly been used up. This season up to the present time, frost which is always watched for in August has scarcely been hinted at, and in fact that the temperature has

been averaging about 15 degrees higher than at this time a year ago has along with the superabundance of rain, produced atmospheric and soil conditions which while not preventing the maturing grain from ripening, have laid down a good deal of the uncut unmatured grain, delayed cutting and the subsequent work of stacking and threshing, and is now in danger of causing damage by sprouting the grain standing in stacks.

The weather during the latter part of August and up to this date has been distinctly unreasonable. The rains and thunderstorms and high temperature have been such as would be called seasonable in June and first half of July. The trees which should be beginning to change to autumn tints are still luxuriantly green, and lawns and grass fields are as green as one looks for them to be in June. After last year's experience, however, when the weather from August to December was the worst for maturing and saving the crops over Western Canada which we had seen in nearly thirty years, and after all had at least 180,000,000 bus. of wheat of one grade and another, we think there is no fear but that out of this year's crop we will produce quite as much grain, and of much higher average quality than the farmer and his family, who after the hard work of starting the crop, and having their hopes raised throughout a fairly favorable growing season (with the exception of the short drought and hot weather scare in June) are plunged in the worry and almost impossible hard work and expense of securing the crop now that it has come to satisfactory maturity.

A spell of cool weather, even with some sharp light frosts would, we think, be generally welcomed if it would only settle the weather, and bring a period of dry and bracing conditions which would allow harvest and threshing work to go ahead. In regard to the market situation while the old crop supplies have been worked down to a very low point, resulting in the prices being kept very high, the anticipated large production of this year's crop in the United States, Canada and Russia has caused a very pronounced bearish speculative sentiment in regard to the values of the new crops, and prices for future delivery months are at a very large discount from cash wheat for immediate delivery. This difference will gradually adjust itself as the days go by and supplies of new wheat become larger.

The unreasonable weather over America and in a less degree in Western Europe, has served to check the downward trend of futures but in spite of this prices in the various speculative markets have declined 2c. to 4c. on the week. Along with this decline there is seen a large increase in the commercial demand. The unfortunate weather in western Europe has delayed the movement of wheat from farmer to miller, so that a considerable extra demand for foreign wheat has resulted which has led to increase purchases for immediate export from the United States and Russia, and U.S. flour trade is enjoying a great increase in trade the grinding by Minneapolis mills being only limited by the slow movement towards them of the new crop. Ocean freight continues to advance which in a measure handicaps export trade in the meantime. There has been very little change in the position of visible stocks and supplies over the week, but with a free movement of the new crop these will soon begin to increase. Favorable soil conditions await the preparing for and seeding of the new winter crop in the U.S. and the latest report about the growing crops in Australia and the Argentine are entirely favorable.

Our Winnipeg market has not been so active during the past week. Although there has been a good demand for all grades of old wheat and there is about 1c. advance of these from a week ago. There is, however, very little of this old wheat left that is fit for the miller. The total quantity of all grades in store terminal elevators is 2,511,000 bus., but of this 1,727,000 bus. is under No. 5, a lot of it being condemned bin burnt stuff hardly fit for hog feed. The remainder amounting to about 774,000 bus. is made up of 60,000 bus. 1 Nor.; 118,000 bus. 2 Nor.; 242,000 bus. 3 Nor.; 169,000 bus. No. 4 wheat and 183,000 bus. No. 5. For several days past only about 10 cars of good milling wheat per day have been inspected at Winnipeg. Up to and including today only 22 cars of new wheat have been inspected, 17 of them Alberta Red Winter and 5 Spring Wheat. Last year at this time new wheat was arriving at Winnipeg at the rate of over 100 cars a day. Prices now paid or offered in this market for old crop and new crop show a wide difference. Today's cash prices are as follows: Old Wheat—Northern, 105½c.; 2 Nor. 104c.; 3 Nor. 97c.; No. 4 wheat, 87c.; No. 5, 74½c.; No. 6, 64½c.; Feed, 58½c. New wheat 1 Nor., 106c.; 2 Nor., 97½c.; 3 Nor. 95c. No lower grades of the new wheat than 3 Nor. are mentioned yet, so much for absence of frost. Alberta Red Winter Wheat new crop No. 1, 96c.; No. 2, 95c.; No. 3, 92c. Futures closed October 91½c.; December, 88½c. & 4c. and May 93c.

Oats.—The demand for oats continues good, and as the quantity of old crop oats left of the higher grades is very small prices continue high. Today's cash prices are: 2 C.W., 43c.; 3 C.W., 41½c.; Ex. 1 Feed, 42½c.; 1 Feed, 41½c.; 2 Feed, 37c. Futures closed October 35½c.; December 33c.

Barley.—There is nothing doing in barley. Flax.—There is a fair demand for flax at about 4c. decline. Today's cash prices are 1 N.W., 166c.; 1 Man., 164c.; Rejected, 158c. The October future closed 161c.

All prices are on basis of delivery. All prices quoted are on basis of delivery in store Fort William, Port Arthur and Duluth.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XII.—THIRD QUARTER FOR SEPT. 22, 1912

Text of the Lesson, Mark vi, 29-44. Memory Verses, 41, 42—Goulder Text, John vi 35—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The words of verse 39 are most practical and remind us of our great privilege of telling all that we do and teach to Jesus, receiving our messages from Him and trusting Him to work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. It is the old lesson of Prov. iii, 6, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," and the new one of Phil. iv, 6, 7. There is nothing like taking it over with Him both before and after. I am always reminded by this verse in our lesson of a little book entitled "Tell Jesus," by Anna S'pton.

The words "No leisure so much as to eat" (verse 21) give us some idea of His day by day busy, crowded full life, for others, seven days a week, even on the Sabbath day (Mark i, 21-23; Matt. xii, 12; John ix, 4, 14), for he taught that it is lawful to do well on that day also. Our own works or words are not lawful on that day (Isa. lvii, 13, 14), neither do they count at any time. "Come apart and rest awhile" does sound refreshing to a weary one, but we shall see how they rested. When the people knew that He had started across the sea they ran afoot out of all cities and outwent them, and when Jesus came He saw much people and was moved with compassion and received them and, as was his custom spake unto them of the Kingdom of God and healed them that had need of healing (verses 34; Luke ix, 11). May the mention of the Kingdom always lead us from the heart to say "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven" (Matt. vi, 10), for less than that will not be the Kingdom of God. John tells us that it was Passover time and that also suggests a phase of the kingdom, for at the last Passover Jesus said, "I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God" (Luke xxii, 16). That will be the time of Israel's restoration at the beginning of the millennial kingdom.

As the day began to wear away the disciples came to Jesus, asking Him to send the multitudes away that they might buy themselves bread, and to their astonishment, He said: "They need not depart. Give ye them to eat."

To prove Philip He asked him: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" For He Himself knew what He would do, as He always does, for He is perfect in knowledge, and every purpose of His shall be performed (John vi, 5, 6; Job xxxvi, 1; Jer. li, 29). Philip might wisely have replied, Lord, Thou knowest; Thou didst feed many thousands in the wilderness for forty years and there is nothing too hard for Thee (Jer. xxxii, 17). But Philip knew neither his Lord nor himself, and on the night before the crucifixion Jesus had occasion to say to him, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" (John xiv, 9). Philip's reply in our lesson story (John vi, 7) shows that he was capable of and evidently did some mental figuring, but to him the case was hopeless.

Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, somehow found out that there was a lad in the company who had five barley loaves and two small fishes, and he ventured to mention it but with the hope that they would be of any service among so many. (John vi, 8, 9). Jesus said, "Bring them hither to me," just as He said concerning the lunatic boy at the foot of the mount of transfiguration, "Bring him hither to me" (Mat. xiv, 18; xvii, 17). The unfailing remedy for every trouble is, Tell it to Jesus, Bring it to Jesus, for He said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Having made the multitude sit down in companies by hundreds and fifties on the green grass (verses 39, 40). He took the loaves and the fishes and looked up to heaven and gave thanks, blessing the food, and then gave it to the disciples to pass on to the multitudes. There would be at least fifty companies of a hundred each or a hundred companies of fifty each, so the disciples had enough to do to make them forget themselves for a while. We might like to know how He could divide five loaves and two small fishes among twelve disciples and how much each had to start with and just how the food multiplied as they gave it out but we are not told and so must leave it. We are told that they did all eat and were filled. 5,000 men besides women and children (Matt. xiv, 21). And that twelve baskets full of the fragments were gathered up when all was over. A little later he fed 4,000 men with seven loaves and a few little fishes and they were filled and seven baskets of fragments gathered up (Matt. xv, 32-38; Mark viii, 1, 9). Yet soon after when crossing the sea with His disciples they had only one loaf with them, they thought from something He said that He was upbraiding them for forgetting to take bread seemingly forgetting the miraculous supply of the two great recent events (Mark viii, 13-21).

What which a little boy possessed was used on this occasion to abundantly satisfy more than 5,000 people. If we are as unreservedly in His hands as were the lad's loaves and fishes He will use us beyond our utmost thought.

An Appeal to Canadian Methodism Toronto.—An appeal from the Methodist conferences of Saskatchewan and Alberta for 100 young men to enter the ministry and fill existing vacancies is published in the current issue of the Christian Guardian and is characterized editorially by the Guardian as one which will test the Methodism of this country as it has not been tested in many days. The appeal is signed by John A. Doyle, president of the Saskatchewan conference, and P. P. Perry, president of the Alberta conference.

War Medal for Minister Paris.—M. Millerand, the minister of war, has presented the Franco-Prussian war medal, the issue of which was authorized some time ago, to M. Leon Bourgeois, minister of public works, who fought as a 15-year-old volunteer in the garde nationale.

Up Saltwater Creek

A Story of Ranch Life

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The Chinese cook had spilled hot bean soup on Harry Barry's immaculate white shirt front, and the scared Celestial had escaped from the room under a fusillade of pistol shots that all found lodgment in the oak beamed ceiling.

"You ought not to put on that billed shirt till after supper," admonished the Crane as the wrathful Harry wiped the soggy mess from his bosom. "It's taking a risk wearing anything decent at this table nowadays."

"And why?" exploded Harry, mindful of the fact that this was his only clean white shirt and his call upon the pretty Widow Clancy must lack that sartorial compliment.

"The chick's in love," was the Crane's reply.

"In love?"

"Who with?"

"Didn't know there was a Chinese girl within a thousand miles of the Lone Bull."

"Can't be any other way of expressing his love than by acting like a blamed idiot?"

Of course this last remark came from Harry Barry, who was consuming what remained of the soup in his plate.

"They generally do—only it takes different forms," observed Gabriel mildly.

A chuckle ran around the table. Under cover of its good nature Wah Sung pushed open the swinging door, peered fearfully around the edge and sidled in with a great dish of steaming hot potatoes.

Perhaps he was nervous, it might be that he was in love. At any rate, when his mild brown orb met the steely glare of Harry Barry's usually amiable eyes he set the dish of potatoes upon the table with such frantic haste that the largest and hottest rolled from the pyramid and landed upon Mr. Barry's hand.

Wah Sung emitted a desolate wail as Harry Barry leaped from his chair and caught him by the neckband of his cotton blouse and shook him vigorously.

"Suffering cats! What's the matter with you?" yelled Mr. Barry excitedly. "Can't you throw down a dish of potatoes without stampeding 'em all over the table?"

"Me sorry—velly sorry," moaned Wah Sung.

"That helps a lot," observed Harry bitterly.

"Me sick in the head—velly sick in the head; me do know what to do," added Wah Sung pitifully.

The cattleman's quick sympathy was to the fore at once. "What's the matter, boy? Have you told the boss that you're sick?"

"No, no; me no tell anybody. Me velly sick here." Wah Sung placed both yellow hands over his heart. "It go what you call lickerty split—lickerty split all time."

"It's your heart, boy, not your head. You want to see doctor, eh?"

Wah Sung writhed bashfully under the gaze of seven pairs of eyes. "No—no see doctor," he mumbled, edging toward the door. "Me alight velly soon. Me go for walk. Excuse, I get rest super."

"Going for a walk, eh?" questioned Gabriel sharply. "You think a walk up Saltwater creek do you good, Wah Sung?"

The Chinaman shivered as with age, and his countenance turned from yellow to gray. His lips parted in an attempted smile as he shook his head. "Oh, no, no, me no never walk up Saltwater creek! Me walk velly diffunt way!"

"Humph! Let him go, Harry," was Gabriel's advice. When the Chinaman's slippers were once more slapping around the kitchen floor Harry Barry resumed his seat and joined the broad grin that went around the table.

"What is it—love?" he inquired.

"You oughter know, being a sort of judge of symptoms," commented Jim Lewis dryly.

"What about yourself?" retorted Harry Barry. "You oughter know—been married three months, haven't you?"

"Stop your wrangling, boys," interpolated the Crane, unjoining his lean form and taking advantage of Wah Sung's absence from the room to express his opinion. "Listen to me. I've seen the chick going up the creek every afternoon after dinner."

"What is there up Saltwater creek?" asked Jim Lewis, lighting a cigarette.

"Nothing but the springs that I know of."

"Anybody ever been beyond the springs?"

It seemed that none of them had ever followed the rocky trail beyond the springs that gave name to the creek.

"Somebody told me that there used to be a prospectors' hut up there in the thicket. I've never been there, though, and couldn't say."

"If Wah Sung's in love why don't he marry his girl and live happily ever after?" commented Harry impatiently.

"Afraid of the boss probably. You know Chinese families are not very popular hereabouts."

"Plenty of room on the ranch. There's that little cabin down in the three mile pasture. It's not far from the bunkhouse, and Wah Sung could cook just

the same and not act so confoundedly idiotic over it."

"You're appointed a committee of one to see Wah Sung and straighten the matter out," observed Gabriel as he followed the rest of the cattleman out of doors, and although Harry Barry made no assent, he was very thoughtful while he went upstairs to his room and removed the soup laden shirt and put on a gray flannel one, which after all was much more becoming to him than the glossy white one.

On his way out he stopped in the kitchen where Wah Sung was frantically washing dishes.

"You married, Wah Sung?" he asked sharply.

The Chinaman jumped nervously at the question and shook his head in such rapid negatives that his cue lashed back and forth like the tail of an angry cat.

"Married? Me? Oh, no, no, no, no! Me no like gals—me not married, oh, no!"

"You got a girl?"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Why not? You think boss not like you have a girl?"

"Oh—he not like Chinese gal. Me no have gal till me go back to Canton some day."

"I don't think he'd care if you wanted to get married, Wah Sung. There's a nice little house down in the pasture, and you could come up and cook every day. Why don't you tell the boss?"

"Me no like gals—me no want get married," persisted Wah Sung.

As he rode over the well worn trail that led to the Widow Clancy's ranch, Harry Barry was firmly convinced that the Chinaman had been lying to him. It was a bright moonlight night, and he resolved to ask Mrs. Clancy to ride with him up Saltwater creek and investigate what lay beyond.

The romance involved might lure her into the evening ride.

It did. She was warmly interested in the story of the despairing Chinaman, and the suspected love affair that might be at the bottom of his erratic actions.

"How long has he acted that way, Harry?" she asked, as they rode side by side up the trail, her hand in that of her sweetheart's.

"About three months. Ever since he came back from a month's leave of absence. He went to San Francisco, and he's acted like a crazy sea ever since," and he told her the story of the bean soup, and the conversation that followed.

"Poor fellow," sighed Mrs. Clancy, and Harry Barry leaped over and kissed her lips.

When they reached the springs they could see that the trail entered a thicket of thorns, but Harry investigated and found that the way had been cunningly cleared of thorns, so that a person might pass through. They left their horses at the springs, and Harry, leading the way, they pushed through the thicket to emerge on the other side into an open sandy space dropping down the hillside that formed one boundary of Lone Bull ranch.

A faint light pricking through the gloom of another thicket on the hillside lured them down until they stood before a small cabin thatched with branches and almost concealed from the view of the casual passerby.

"There is a window. You look, dear," said Harry Barry, and as his sweetheart hesitated he added: "You know it's to help 'em along if it's necessary."

Then Mrs. Clancy looked through a corner of the pane from which the calico inner curtain had swung back, revealing the interior of the one roomed cabin. She looked and looked, finally reaching out and drawing Harry toward her until their faces touched.

They looked upon a little house. It might have been picked up out of any city in China and dropped there on this lonely Montana hillside. What marvelous force had enabled the small Chinaman to secretly bring from great distances all the little household gods that meant home to him? Love, of course.

The walls were hung with gayly printed cottons, and in one corner where a small altar had been erected for his ancestral tablets there was a square of rich silk embroidery. Little bronze vessels stood on the altar, and on a bracket there was an image of a favorite household god, with an offering of incense smoking before it. A roll of quilts was on the built in bed or bunk in one corner, matting covered the rough floor, a couple of Chinese chairs were there and a low table. There was a row of quaint oriental porcelain dishes on a shelf and odd cooking utensils of copper and a brand new American cook stove of the smallest dimensions.

That was not all. There in one of the chairs sat the daintiest little Chinese woman you ever saw. In her arms she held a yellow morsel of babyhood, who was staring up at Wah Sung with beady black slanting eyes and sucking its thumb contentedly.

Last of all there was Wah Sung—not the craven, panic stricken cook of the Lone Bull ranch, but a Chinaman invested with the dignity of the head of a household. He was smiling down at the baby, with nothing but love in his mild brown eyes.

"Poor devil!" whispered Harry Barry grossly, because his own eyes were full of tears and his sweetheart was wiping the tears from her pretty blue eyes.

"Poor?" challenged Mrs. Clancy, drawing him back to the springs and their waiting horses. "Man alive, Wah Sung is rich! Let us go straight to Boss Clancy and tell him that Wah Sung is married and that he must give them the cabin in the pasture."

"Of course he'll do it. But if he shouldn't?" teased Harry.

"I'll hire Wah Sung myself and build a Chinese temple for them to live in and dedicate it to the god of love," declared the Widow Clancy.

EGYPT'S GREEN SUN.

Brilliant Emerald Hue Tint the Sky at Morn and Eve.

In Egypt, where the atmosphere is very clear, the green tint of the sunset light are peculiarly distinct. As the sun descends nearer and nearer to the horizon and is immensely enlarged its rays suddenly become for an instant of a brilliant green. Then a succession of green rays suffuses the sky well nigh to the zenith.

The same phenomenon occurs at sunrise, but less conspicuously. Sometimes at sunset, just as the last portion of the sun's disk vanishes, its color changes from green to blue, and so also after it has disappeared the sky near the horizon is green, while toward the zenith it is blue.

The fact was, of course, observed by the ancient Egyptians, and references thereto are found in their sacred writings. Day was the symbol of life and night that of death. The setting sun being identified with Osiris, that god became king of the dead. The setting sun was green; therefore Osiris as the nocturnal deity of the dead was painted green.

The splendid coffins of the high priests of Ammon frequently depict the green sun, and the funeral deities are all colored green. This association of death with green was undoubtedly due to the green tint of the Egyptian sun at sunset—Youth's Companion.

COFFEE WITH AN ARAB.

It Protects Even Murderers Where the Cup Has Been Shared.

Describing the hospitality of an Arabian home, the *Last Journal of Bishop Hannington* says:

The great event of the visit is the coffee. The host has a kind of brazen shovel brought, in which he roasts the beans; then he takes a pestle and mortar of the oak of Bashan, and with his own hands he pounds it to powder, making the bard oak ring forth a song of welcome to the guest. Many of these pestles and mortars are heirlooms and are richly ornamented and beautifully black and polished by age and use. Such was the one in question. Having drunk coffee (for the honored guest the cup is filled three times), you are quite safe in the hands of the most murderous.

So far they carry this superstition that a man who had murdered another fed to the dead man's father and before he knew what had happened drank coffee. Presently friends came in and as they were relating the news to the bereaved father recognized the murderer crouching beside the fire. They instantly demanded vengeance. "No," said the father, "I cannot be. He has drunk coffee and has thus become to me as my son."

Had he not drunk coffee the father would never have rested until he had dyed his hands in his blood.

Drug Store Signs.

Every one has noticed the beautiful colors in the large glass jars that stand in the drug store windows, but every one does not know why drug stores use that sign. In the old days apothecaries and alchemists were the only druggists, and they made up their own nostrums, the composition of which was supposed to be a great secret. They used to leave their retorts and jars and stills and bottles in the window to impress upon the passerby the mystery and importance of their business. The modern drug store has no use for retorts and stills, all the processes being handled by the full chemical factories, but the large jars full of brightly colored liquids are still left in the window, just as they were hundreds of years ago.—*New York Sun*.

Population by Race.

The population of the world by race is: Indo-Germanic (white), 550,000,000; Mongolian (yellow and brown), 630,000,000; Semitic (white), 65,000,000; Negro (black), 150,000,000; Malay (brown), 35,000,000; American Indian (red), 15,000,000. This latter figure includes every variety of the redman in all parts of the earth, the actual number of Indians in North America being much less than a million. The white race is increasing much faster than the others, owing probably to its superior intelligence and scientific knowledge of medicine and sanitation.—*New York American*.

Sounded All Right.

Patience—Well, he told the truth, anyway. Patience—How so? Patience—When he was buying the solitaire he told the jeweler it was for a sister.

Patience—Well, I'm sure that wasn't true. Patience—Why, yes; when he offered it to the girl she promised to be a sister to him.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Eager to Please.

"I want you to see if you can't find out that I am descended from a king," said the man who had become suddenly rich.

"Very well, sir," replied the genealogist. "We have a large stock of kings to select from. Have you any preference?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A Popular Girl.

"Yes, she has promised to be mine some day."

"But when?"

"She can't exactly say as yet. Seems she will first have to break off four or five other engagements."—*Washington Herald*.

His Status at Home.

"Your father seems to be an important member of the community."

"Guess you're only seen him outside of home. Ma doesn't think he's such a much."—*Detroit Free Press*.

ESSENCE OF MUMMY.

Queer Medicine That Was Used Not So Long Ago in Persia.

In former times strange products were used as medicines. Among them was essence of mummy, which held a place in the pharmacopoeia even during the last century.

Two sorts of mummies were used for the production of the extract—the true and the artificial. True mummies were disinterred from the valley of the Nile and forwarded to Europe and Asia by the Arabs. Their therapeutic virtues were attributed to substances used by their embalmers. The saving or curative principles of those substances were supposed to have been preserved and held intact by the swathing bands used with secret and peculiar art to wrap the dead. Essence of mummy was recommended in cases of convulsions, as a cure for boils, in epilepsy, colds, etc.

In Persia embalming was once the rule. The shahs offered mummies, or portions of mummies, as gifts to the monarchs whose friendship they respected, and chroniclers record the fact as worthy of historical note that Louis XIV. and Catherine of Russia received, among numerous gifts of various sorts, golden chests containing mummified human members. In 1809, when Princess Charlotte of England was sick, her doctors administered "essence of mummy."

A manuscript recently found, the production of the Persian poet Nizami, gives the formula for producing the synthetic mummy. According to that prescription, the man selected was of tender flesh and fine, thin skin—a man whose chief nourishment had been fruit. At the age of thirty years his throat was cut and his body, while still warm with life, was placed in a stone urn filled, save for the space required for it, with honey and with balsamic substances. The full urn was sealed and set away to ripen. At the close of a period varying from fifty to a hundred years the body, completely mummified, was taken out and the extraction of the "essence" was made.

A Man With an Appetite.

Nicholas Wood was a Kentish gentleman who gormandized his way to fame in the seventeenth century. This worthy "would eat a whole hog at a sitting and follow it up next day with thirty dozen pigeons." Wood's was an appetite not to be laughed at, and so when some slight was put upon it by Taylor, the water poet, Wood challenged the poet to a bout at "eating as much black pudding as would reach across the Thames at any place fixed by Taylor himself between London and Richmond." The Thames at London Bridge is about 300 yards across, and black pudding is compounded in links the same as sausage, so it's easy to figure Wood's gross tonnage.

A Deep Sleep.

Two well-known Paris dramatists were present at the Comedie-Francaise at a performance of a play by one of them, who may be called A. Half way through the play A's friend B. pointed to a spectator in a box who was fast asleep. The next evening A and B. were again at the Comedie-Francaise. One of B's plays was on the bill this time, and A saw a spectator asleep and pointed him out to his friend. "My plays are not the only sleepy ones, you see," he said. "Look over there!" "Oh, I don't know!" said B. "I'm nearly sure it's the same box, and I believe it's the same man. He hasn't managed to wake up yet, that's all."

World's Oldest Investment.

The oldest investment security on earth is the real estate mortgage. We know that money was loaned on mortgages in ancient Babylon in the time of King Hammurabi, 4,000 years ago, and that some 2,500 years ago the great Babylonian banking house of the Egibi family invested large sums in mortgages on both city and farm property, the mortgages being recorded on bricks, which have been preserved in the safety deposit vaults of those time—great earthenware jars buried in the earth—preserved until the archaeologists in our own day and age dug them up to show us when, where and how mortgages originated.

An English Joke.

Brown—I say, Smith, are you good at conundrums?

Smith—My boy, I am great at such things. Fire away.

Brown—Well, if it takes a man three days to chew a ham weighing ten pounds, how long will it take the same man to chew a hammer weighing six pounds?

Smith (after considering some time)—I'll give it up, old chap.

Brown (as he prepares to dodge things)—It will depend whether he is a professional or a hammer chawer.—*London Answers*.

A Deep One.

"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed the first farmer. "Ain't yer struck water yet? How deep hev'yer gosh?"

"Bout a hundred feet," replied the other placidly.

"Ain't ye discouraged?"

"Oh, I dunno! I can't say I ain't gittin' a long well."

An Unusual Privilege.

The Bank of England has the right to sell beer without a license. The privilege was granted to the bank in its charter of incorporation under the great seal July 27, 1694. The bank doesn't take advantage of the privilege.

The Spires of Lie.

Many men build as cathedrals were built—the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

Precarious Enterprise.

"What happens to a man who carries water on both shoulders?" asked the youth who is learning politics.

"Well," replied his preceptor, "I hate to use slang; but, as a rule, he gets soaked."

WHEN BUYING STOCKS.

Do as the Successful Wall Street Speculator Does.

If you want to speculate buy stocks that Wall street speculators buy. Don't buy things offered by smooth tongued agents working for a handsome commission. Don't buy stocks that are guaranteed to have a big advance.

The successful Wall street speculator never tries to make money in these sort of things. He buys stocks that have passed muster and been listed on the exchange. Before they can be listed the company must make a report that will justify listing. While this report is not as complete as it should be, it bars out all the wildest propositions by which the people are being swindled.

It is just as easy to buy listed stocks as any other. Brokers of good standing in the stock exchange are advertising in reputable publications, and one can always open up a correspondence with a broker and have his questions freely and fully answered. The broker likes nothing better than to answer letters from a customer or from a prospective customer.

If any one is timid about dealing with a broker he can always deal through his bank or get a reference to some broker from his banker.—*Jasper, in Leslie's*.

SALT AND ICE.

The Process That Begins When the Two Are Mixed.

It is not correct to say that salt dissolves ice, since real solution only takes place when a solid, liquid or gas is dissolved in a liquid.

The true explanation of the fact that ice melts when common salt is added to it depends upon the simple physical principle that when a salt is dissolved in water heat is absorbed and its temperature is lowered. When salt and ice are mixed together some of the salt dissolves in the small amount of water which is always present, the temperature is thereby lowered, and a new freezing point is established.

The remainder of the ice, being at a temperature higher than this new freezing point, slowly melts, and more salt is dissolved until the solution is saturated. The temperature can in this way be lowered to 22 degrees C., which is the freezing point of a definite compound of salt and water.

The salts dissolved in sea waters serve a very important purpose, as it requires a greater degree of cold to cause the formation of ice on them than on fresh water.

Benaparte and Mlle. Montanier.

The Cafe Corazza, in the Palais Royal, had many interesting clients in its time. It was there that General Bonaparte, then only a general of brigade, asked his friend Barras to find him a rich wife, and Barras suggested Mlle. Montanier, the proprietress of the adjacent Theatre Montanier. She was sixty-three, but she was well preserved and might have passed for forty-five, and she was believed to have accumulated a fortune of 48,000. Bonaparte asked to be introduced, and Barras presented him and assures us in his memoirs that the match would have come off if it had not been for the events of Vendemiaire. After that memorable day of the "whiff of grape-shot" the future emperor broke off the engagement, feeling himself too important to marry a superannuated actress, even for the sake of having the spending of her savings.—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

Example Better Than Precept.

John Wesley, accompanied by one of his preachers, was once dining at the house of a rich Methodist. The tables were spread with a liberal meal, but Wesley's companion no sooner saw it than he said:

"Oh, sir, what a sumptuous dinner! Things are very different from what they once were. I fear there is but little self denial among Methodists in these days."

"My brother," said Wesley, pointing to the table, "there is a fine opportunity for self denial now."

The hint was not taken, but the rebuke did its work.

Label Paste.

To make a good paste for labels mix together with cold water until they form a smooth cream four ounces of sugar and an ounce and a half of brown sugar. Then pour in boiling water, stirring all the time till the right consistency is obtained. Add five or six drops of carbolic acid to keep the paste from becoming sour, and when it has been well stirred in the compound will be fit for use.

A Truth Teller.

"Do you think I'll get justice?" asked the culprit of his lawyer.

"I'm afraid not," answered the lawyer, who had taken the trouble to collect his fee in advance and could therefore be candid. "You know they don't hang in this state."—*Lippincott's*.

Working Him.

"George, dear," said the young wife, "you are growing handsomer every day."

"Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."—*London Pick-Me-Up*.

Cheer Up.

"Before I was married life was one continual round of pleasure."

"And isn't it now?"

"No; it's one continual round of economy now."—*Washington Herald*.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts and is conscious of continued existence.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY
REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

Text, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."—*Gen. i. 1.*

The text is terse. Divine reticence! Macaulay begins his history of England with these pretentious words, "I propose to write the history of England from the accession of King James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." The Bible begins the marvelous story of creation with the simple statement, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

In the New Testament John begins with like simplicity, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God and the word was God." Two sublime chapters. I find their like nowhere in literature. Like the Rockies and the Andes, the backbone of a mighty continent, they tower through the plain of human literature. The making of a universe is here described, if you can call this brief burst of splendor description. It is really but a divine exclamation point. On one small page is spread earth making and star making. Vegetation, animals and man are described as vividly as if lightning had written the page. To put the making of a universe into a single statement needing neither color nor comma bewilders me. I find myself breathing short and quick. I feel I'm standing in the dim gray of a dawning morning. God is near. I can sense the thrill of his presence moving gloriously through this stupendous beginning of things material. This genesis of creation is not only sublime but feasible. I feel an intellectual necessity in getting past the thing to the maker of the thing. Make me breathe freer. Time was when I was satisfied with the thing. I called myself a "free thinker" then. Huh! I was bound hand, foot and brain.

Genesis I.

How long did it take—six days, six periods, six million years or sixty billion? I don't know. Flat creation or evolution? What matters? We are not told how all was built, only of the Builder. It's presented in a series of pictures. When it begins there is darkness; desolation, chaos. When it ends there's sunshine, sparkling water, green grass and an earth ready for its coming master—man. And the book account—Genesis I! It wasn't given to teach science, but salvation; not geology, but God. If it had been written to teach science it would have to be 10,000 times larger than Encyclopedia Britannica and then rewritten often to meet the changing conditions of man and his growing capacity. A divine revelation must be limited by the nature and capacity of the being who receives the revelation. Translate a modern textbook of geology and put it into the hands of an ancient Egyptian, it would be incomprehensible. Why? Because the race had slowly to come up to it.

The Start of

Where He Was

On St. Patrick's Day In the Morning

By NORA B. SHEA

It was the evening before St. Patrick's day, 1765, in Ireland. The moon was at the full and shone with unusual brightness. Dennis O'Donohue, a young man of twenty-two, mounted on a black mare, was trotting on a road between Killyarney and Tralee on his way to a ball at the latter place. Suddenly catching sight of a light some distance from the road, he drew rein and thrust his hand in under his waistcoat to pull his watch from his fob. It was not there, and he remembered that he had left it at home.

Now, what he wished his watch for was to note the time that he might decide whether to attempt something that popped into his head at seeing the light referred to. In the house where it shone lived Eileen Mavourneen, a young girl whom Dennis would have gladly wooed had he been permitted to do so. Dennis was inclined to be a trifle wild, and Eileen was warned by her parents to have nothing to do with him.

Nevertheless the young man was especially attracted to girls. He was tall and lithe, and a mass of light curls fell down over his shoulders. Tender hearted to a fault, it was suspected that for the benefit of others in distress he had trespassed on the law by taking a purse on the highway. The O'Grady, a rich landowner, had been stopped one night on the road, and later one of his tenants, a poor woman for whose eviction he had given orders, paid the rent in coins, one of which, a pocket piece, The O'Grady recognized as having been taken from him by the highwayman. The story got abroad that Dennis O'Donohue, sympathizing with the woman, had robbed the landlord and given the money to his tenant to save her from eviction. That the robbery had taken place for that very purpose was true, but Dennis O'Donohue had nothing to do with it.

It occurred to Dennis that he would love to take Eileen with him to the ball at Tralee. Her father and mother were elderly people, and it was their custom to go to bed at 9 o'clock every night. It might be possible to take her with him and bring her back without their knowing of her absence. The hour was about 9, but he did not know whether it was a little before or a little after 9. He dare not go before and did not like to lose time by going too long after.

While he was deliberating he heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming from the direction of Tralee. He would await the rider's coming and ask the time. A man on horseback drew near, and when he came up Dennis said in a mild voice:

"I beg your pardon for stopping you, sir, but would you tell me what o'clock it is?"

Dennis' back was to the moon, while the horseman faced it, and Dennis recognized The O'Grady. The O'Grady hesitated. The voice sounded like that of O'Donohue, by whom he believed he had been robbed. Dennis' horse was restless and, turning, exposed Dennis' face to the moon. The O'Grady thrust his hand under his coat as if to take out his watch, but instead drew a pistol and, pointing it at Dennis' head, said:

"It is time for you to move on, Dennis O'Donohue, and I would advise you to go to one of the American colonies, for if you ever appear in Killyarney again I'll bring you up for highway robbery. Twice is once too often for you to rob the same person!"

With this, still covering Dennis with his pistol, he urged on his horse, leaving Dennis standing in the road mute with astonishment. Dennis knew at once that this evidence against him, taken with the suspicion of another robbery, would convict him of being a highwayman, and that meant either a long imprisonment or death. He thought of taking The O'Grady's advice and, riding over to Cork, take ship for Virginia. Instead he concluded to ride over to see Eileen and tell her what had occurred. This would lessen the blow to her, and she could explain the matter to his father and mother.

The hour now made no difference to him, so he put spurs to his horse and on reaching the gate threw the bridle rein over a picket and went up to the walk to the house. Tiptoeing on to the porch, he saw Eileen sitting alone in the living room. A tap on the window arrested her attention, and, turning, she saw Dennis' face against the pane. Putting her finger to her lips, she went softly to the door and led him into the room.

"What is it, Dennis?" she asked, alarmed at his rueful appearance.

"Have your father and mother gone to bed?" he whispered.

"Yes."

Dennis told his story, finishing by saying that he saw no hope for him but to go to Virginia. Eileen's countenance fell at this. She stood thinking.

"Why don't you prove an alibi, Dennis?" she asked presently.

"An alibi?"

"Yes. The magistrate will have only The O'Grady's word that he met you on the road. If you can prove you were somewhere else his evidence will be worthless."

"But how can I do that?"

"Have you a good horse?" "No better in Ireland. I borrowed my friend Mike Shaunessy's mare. She's not only won races for him, but has great endurance."

"Well, ride all night, and in the morning talk with some one you can get for a witness to testify that you were with him."

"On the morning of St. Patrick's day! Ah, Eileen you're a jewel!"

And so after a dozen kisses Dennis remounted the mare and away he went in the moonlight. Riding on to Tralee, which place he made in half an hour, he took a road leading north-eastward to Limerick. It is just fifty miles from Tralee to Limerick. It would not do to ask for relays of horses, for this might give away the secret of his ride. It was 10 o'clock when he started. He rode thirty miles of the distance, rested his horse for two hours, then went on, reaching Limerick at 7 in the morning. But instead of going into the town he left it on his right and, crossing the river Shannon, struck out for Ennis, some twenty miles farther on. But he had no idea of using the mare to do this distance and, now that he was so far from home, concluded to leave her with a farmer and take a fresh mount. This he did and at 10 o'clock in the morning rode up to an inn in Ennis.

The bells were ringing for mass, and Dennis joined a throng going to the church. Seeing a priest going from his house to the church, Dennis joined him and said:

"Father, I desire to make a contribution on this blessed day of our patron saint, and I beg of you to receive it."

To this the priest agreed, and Dennis gave him his contribution.

"Now, father," said Dennis, "will you tell me the time?"

"There's a clock in the tower of the church beyond. You can see for yourself."

"I'm nearsighted. Will you use your own eyes for me?"

"It's 10 o'clock and 25 minutes."

"Are you sure?"

"I am."

"And I'm giving you 20 shillings for a contribution to the church at twenty-five minutes past 10 on the morning of St. Patrick's day, and don't you forget it."

"I'll not do that," said the priest.

Dennis went back to the inn, ate a good breakfast and, his horse having been fed, mounted and rode back to where he had left the mare. She, too, had been rested sufficiently to go on toward home, but at a slow gait. Dennis reached Killyarney that night and the next morning appeared on the street laughing and talking with his friends with his usual good nature.

When The O'Grady heard that Dennis had remained to face a charge of robbery on the highway he made a charge against him, and Dennis was arrested, much to his apparent surprise. When the prisoner was brought before the magistrate for examination the charge was read, and he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"I could hardly be guilty, your worship," replied Dennis, "seeing that I was not where the charge specifies at a time when my accuser was stopped."

"Where were you?"

"I was in Ennis, your worship."

"That's seventy miles away. At what time were you in Ennis?"

"I was there on the morning of St. Patrick's day."

"Can you prove that?"

"Yes, your worship."

"By whom?"

"By a witness who saw me there at the time."

Dennis was given opportunity to bring his witness to Killyarney, and when a priest of the church testified that the prisoner gave him on St. Patrick's day, at 10:25 in the morning, 20 shillings, no one dared gainsay the truth of the statement. There was but one inference to be made, which was that The O'Grady was mistaken in his man.

Nevertheless The O'Grady was not only sure that Dennis was the person that he had met on the highway, but was sure that he had intended to rob him. If he had had no such design he would have admitted his identity and disclaimed any intention except to learn the time. The accuser blustered and asked for time to prove that the alibi was a put up job, but those present at the trial considered this a mark of disrespect for the priest who had given testimony, and the magistrate denied the request. Dennis was acquitted and carried out of the court on the shoulders of his friends.

Now, Eileen Mavourneen's father was a good old Irish gentleman, one of the rare old stock, and though he certainly would not have a highwayman for a son-in-law, he was highly appreciative of the shrewdness of his son. During Dennis' imprisonment he constantly reminded his daughter that he had been right about her lover from the first. Eileen said nothing till after Dennis was acquitted, when she told her father the whole story.

The old gentleman laughed all that day and, since he did not like The O'Grady over much, vowed that the defense was the smartest trick that had ever been perpetrated in the country. He told Eileen to bring Dennis to dinner that he might hear the story from his own lips. Dennis came, and the old gentleman was much pleased with the energy and rapidity of his movement, but when he heard that Eileen had proposed the plan he was delighted and, taking his daughter in his arms, told her that so long headed a girl must be better able to choose a husband for herself than her father could choose for her.

For long after that when Dennis would meet her acquaintances he would be greeted by:

"Dennis O'Donohue, where were ye on St. Patrick's day in the morning?"

RUNNING AMOK.

A Mania For Murder That Is Peculiar to Oriental Countries.

The expression "run amok" is the Anglicized form of a term used in some parts of the Orient to describe a form of homicidal mania, accompanied by a frenzied plunge in any and every direction. In the countries where the mania originated the word applied to it was "amok." The corrupted form of it is now applied in a score of ways—without much warrant.

In Malacca, Siam, Java and adjacent regions the mental state which causes amok is well defined and much dreaded. It is attributed almost invariably to excessive drinking of stimulants. The victim first turns morose, generally remaining in this state for several days. Then he is suddenly seized with the mania for slaughter and starts on his mad run with the first weapon he can reach.

Extra precautions against these mad ravages are taken in some of the more civilized places, especially Batavia. There the police are armed with what is called a catch knife. The instant the victim of amok starts on his mad dash he finds himself hooked by a mission of the law and held firmly the length of this odd human spear. He can harm himself, but that is the limit of his insane power.—Exchange.

AN ERRATIC VOLCANO.

Rose From the Sea, Formed an Island and Sank Again.

On June 16, 1810, the Sabrina, a British sloop of war, observed smoke arising from the sea near St. Michael, off the Azores, and made for it, believing that a naval engagement was in progress. Her crew found, however, that great tongues of flame were issuing along with the smoke and that they had cleared for action to fight a volcano.

Forty-eight hours later an island made its appearance, having risen from a depth of forty fathoms in that period, and in another day it was fifty feet above the surface, with a length of about three-quarters of a mile. By July 4 the Sabrina's people were able to land on this new shore, which was then 300 feet high, with a circumference of fully a mile, with a stream six yards wide running from the center to the sea.

They took formal possession of it for his Britannic majesty, hoisting the union jack on its most conspicuous point, but by degrees the island sank until about the middle of October it vanished below the surface, with the union jack still on it, like a battleship sinking with colors flying after a fatal engagement.—London Standard.

A Letter of Importance.

The letter P is the most important in the alphabet because it leads all others in perfection. It is likewise first in peace and prosperity and gives to pleasure its proper form. It is found in every enterprise and aspiration, and without its valuable offices our stanchest anchor of hope would be but a commonplace-hoe. In importance it is decidedly the dominating letter. It has no place in history, but is foremost in philosophy and gives power to the pen. While always first in provocation, it likewise leads in pardon and possesses great power in persuasion. It is rich in the emotions and virtues. Patriotism, passion, patience, pity and poetry acknowledge it as their very own. No point or picture or port was ever made without it. It leads all others in power, permanency and preciousness. Pyramids are built upon its base.—Galaxy.

Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, guarded and stolen so many times during the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a modern process for making the stained glass used in windows is a departure from anything known to the old timers. The glass first receives its design in mineral colors, and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are beautifully soft and mellow.—New York Herald.

Draw the Line.

"Madam," began the man respectfully, "I am very hungry. Could you give me a bit of something?" "I will call the dog," the woman replied. "I am hungry enough to eat the dog," the man said, "but I'd rather have something else." And, woman-like, she went inside and banged the door.—Buffalo Express.

Man.

What a piece of work is a man—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and movement how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!—Shakespeare.

The Difference.

Miss Washington—Love is like a kitten. It is born blind. Mr. Hunt—Yes, but it only takes a kitten nine days to get its eyes opened.—Philadelphia Record.

Will Grow.

Mabel—That story you told about Alice isn't worth repeating. Katie—It's young yet; give it time.—Boston Transcript.

THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY.

It Clothes a Number of Poor People in England Annually.

Gifts of clothing are made annually in many market towns and villages of Surrey to the poor from a bequest left for the purpose by Henry Smith, or "Dog" Smith, as he was more generally called, having earned the sobriquet from the fact that he was never seen without a dog at his heels.

This remarkable character lived about two and a half centuries ago and was one of the best known figures in Surrey. He was originally a silver-smith in the city of London and, prospering in business, acquired estates in different parts of England.

Developing eccentricities as he grew old, he adopted the life of a beggar. His wanderings were confined almost entirely to Surrey, and he is said to have begged his way through every town and village in the county. At his death in 1681 he left all his wealth to the market towns and parishes of Surrey, and the endowment enabled each town to spend \$250 and each village about \$30 on the purchase of clothing for its poor.

Mitcham, however, was excluded from his benefactions, Smith's explanation being that on one occasion the inhabitants of Mitcham whipped him through the village as a common vagrant.—London Chronicle.

A BABEL OF TONGUES.

Half a Hundred Languages, Perhaps, in the Philippines.

The natives of the Philippines are known to have at least twenty-five languages, and some students of the ethnology of the islands have expressed the belief that they have more than double that number of distinct tongues. For purposes of study they are generally put in two groups:

First.—The languages of the Negritos, supposedly descendants of the aboriginal population of the islands, who are distributed in scattered tribes in the interior of the larger islands.

Second.—The languages of the various Malay tribes which make up the bulk of the population—Christian, Mohammedan and pagan.

It cannot be said that the Philippine languages possess any very considerable literary value. The old native manuscripts inscribed on leaves or strips of cane have practically all been lost. American students of the islands have found the scanty native literature, in religious writings, indifferent poetry and primitive newspapers. The natives themselves are profoundly ignorant for the most part as to their own literature.—New York Times.

A Good Word For Caviar.

Caviar receives a clean bill in the London Lancet, despite the fact that it is regarded by many medical men as "fatty, indigestible and unwholesome." Numerous analyses have been made of this sturgeon delicacy, which, according to the writer, when averaged, appears to be as follows: Water, 50.92 per cent; protein, 27.92 per cent; fat, 13.59 per cent, and mineral salts, 7.57 per cent. It differs sharply from the flesh of fish by containing a much larger quantity of fat. Moreover, this fat contains the peculiar oil phosphorus compound known as lecithin, which is a stimulant to metabolism, affecting favorably the processes of nutrition. Caviar is, in fact, highly nutritive, and its digestibility has been determined, the time taken for its absorption being relatively short. If there is anything to be said unfavorably of caviar it is that its constituents err slightly on the side of richness.

Flogging.

The Jewish rabbis had a legend which carries corporal punishment back to the days of our first parents, which is quaintly reflected in that modern schoolboy's play upon names, "Adam Seth Eve Cain Abel."

Of course there is, too, the warning of Solomon, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," or the old Egyptian proverb, "The back of a lad is made that he may be beaten to him that beats it," but if we must go on history alone the earliest records belong to the Romans, who practiced flogging in several degrees of severity.

There were the ferula, a flat strip of leather, a comparatively mild persuader; the scutica, a harsher instrument of twisted parchment, and the flagellum, a cruel scourge of leather thongs.

Books in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages books were exchanged for a horse or half a dozen sheep. When anybody needed stock or other property, he often pawned the books that he owned, and in the town of Oxford were, at one time, twenty chests filled with valuable books. Later the book fairs helped to relieve the situation. No doubt there is a golden mean somewhere between the scarcity of the middle ages and the overproduction of today.—Argonaut.

The Quarrel Discreet.

"Why do you employ such elaborate circumlocution when you tell a man that you doubt his veracity?"

"I find it better to use the longest words possible. If I can compel a man to consult the dictionary to ascertain just what I mean both our tempers get a chance to cool."—Washington Star.

Soiling Net Successful.

Many women have attempted to soiled affection into the hearts of men, but we have never heard of one who succeeded.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The heart of the wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.—Confucius.

CHAIN CABLES.

Severe Tests to Which They Are Subjected Before Being Used.

One weak link in a cable may mean the loss of a great ship worth a million pounds or more, so before being used every one of the great chain cables used in the navy or merchant service is carefully tested. The apparatus employed is a most ingenious one.

The cable is laid in a sort of long trough, one end being fastened to an enormous steel hawser, which is passed round a revolving drum, the other attached to a hydraulic ram.

The machinery is worked from an adjoining building, no one being allowed in the cable shed while the testing is in progress. If a chain does break under the terrific strain to which it is subjected it simply smashes everything near it and may bring the whole roof down.

The operator in the next room has before him an ordinary looking pair of scales, but the small weights which he places upon it represent as many tons as they actually weigh pounds.

While the weights go into the scales a loud creaking and groaning is heard through the thick partition as the seventy-eight foot length of cable, which is the amount tested at one time, stretches under the enormous pressure. A new cable stretches about two inches, an old one a good deal more.

The ordinary cable of steel, two and one-eighth inches in diameter, is subjected to a pull of over eighty tons.—London Answers.

MARK TWAIN'S TRAMP.

And His Quaint Introduction in the Enterprise Office.

"It was the afternoon of a hot, dusty August day in 1862," says Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's, "when a worn, travel stained pilgrim drifted laggingly into the office of the Territorial Enterprise, then in its new building on O street, and, loosening a heavy roll of blankets from his shoulders, dropped wearily into a chair.

"He wore a rusty slouch hat, no coat, a faded blue flannel shirt and a navy revolver. His trousers were hanging on his boot tops. A tangle of reddish brown hair fell on his shoulders, and a mass of tawny beard, dingy with alkali dust, dropped halfway to his waist.

"Aurora lay 130 miles from Virginia City—hard, hilly miles. He had walked that distance, carrying his heavy load. Editor Goodman was absent at the moment, but the other proprietor, Dennis E. McCarthy, signified that the caller might stay his errand. The wanderer regarded him with a faraway look and said absently and with leisurely reflection:

"My starboard leg seems to be unshipped. I'd like about a hundred yards of line. I think I am falling to pieces. Then he added: 'I want to see Mr. Barstow or Mr. Goodman. My name is Clemens, and I've come to write for the paper.'"

Too Late.

Daniel Webster used to tell a story about an old woman who was very ill and went into a trance. They all thought she was dead, and when she opened her eyes her husband said in a surprised tone, "Why, Mandy, we thought ye was dead." The poor old woman looked at her husband a moment, and then she burst into tears. "And ye never bawled a bit," she sobbed. "Ye thought I was dead, and yer eyes was dry. Couldn't ye have bawled a little bit, Jabez?" The old man was deeply moved, and he did actually bawl then. But his wife said sadly: "It's too late now. Dry yer eyes. If I'd really been dead and ye'd bawled 'twould have done me some good. But it's too late now."

Insulting.

"Could you sing a ragtime song?" asked Mr. Lobrow. "Why, sir," spluttered the musician who takes himself seriously, "e-confound your b-b-bone headed impudence!" "That's a good start," was the complacent rejoinder. "You have a fine idea of the words. Now see if you can put a melody to them."—Washington Star.

Unreasonable.

"Emma has such a sweet disposition?" "Has she? There isn't a shoe clerk in town that doesn't hate her."

"Why?"

"She thinks they are all in a conspiracy to prevent her from wearing a No. 3 shoe on a No. 5 foot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Conversational Strategy.

"I observe that you never contradict any theory that Mr. Heftybrue advances."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "he's likely to get through talking much sooner if you don't break in and suggest new topics."—Washington Star.

Serious Drawback.

"I suppose every woman would like to be a Venus de Milo in figure."

"Not at all."

"How can you say that?"

"The Venus de Milo couldn't wear the present styles."—Washington Herald.

Her Chance.

Husband—You look badly today, my love. Is it that you are ill? Wife—No. John it's this last year's hat I'm wearing.—Harper's Bazar.

Men, like cattle, follow him who leads.—Byron.

STARTING THE GARDEN

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET SEEDS INTO THE FRAMES.

Some Hints For the Amateur Who Looking Forward to the Day When Early Flowers and Vegetables Will Gladden the Eyes.—Perennial From Seed—Study the Catalogues—Enriching the Soil.

The one invariable rule of the experienced gardener is to order his seeds for the season's planting as early in the year as seeds are obtainable. It must be remembered, too, that for the best results, seeds of some flowers, annuals and perennials, and of some vegetables must be planted indoors, nursed into sturdy growth before the season is come for outdoor planting and "grown on," as the gardener expresses it, so that they may be set in the open ground as soon as the spring is sufficiently advanced to make the transplanting safe.

For starting seeds indoors it is best to make use of shallow boxes, some three or four inches deep. The florists call these "flats," and a visit to any florist's shop will supply the beginner with an idea of their construction. Avoid making them too wide or too long, for when filled with earth they are heavier than you would imagine. In the bottom of the boxes drill quarter inch holes and over these set bits of broken flowerpots. Fill in first with coarse earth, to which sand or ashes may be added to insure good drainage. Toward the top add finer earth until the surface layer, half an inch deep is of soil that is finely pulverized. For very small seed fill the "flat" to within a quarter of an inch of the top of the box, sow the seeds lightly, making sure of an uniform distribution as possible, and press these in place with a board. Water carefully with a fine spray and set the box in a warm, light situation.

Larger seed are covered to varying depths, depending upon the size of the seed. A safe rule is to bury the seed to a depth four times its own size. It is apparent, of course, that flats for these coarser seed are not filled so full of earth. It is generally advisable to fill the boxes partially to the point where the seed are to be planted, then to place the seeds or flats on the required distance apart and finally to sift the pulverized earth on top until the boxes are filled to within a quarter inch of the top.

Perennials for the garden are easily raised from seed by the amateur, provided, of course, the professional gardener himself adopts that means of propagation. Some perennials, however, are best propagated by root division. Not a few may be grown from seed provided one has the time and patience to expend on them, but there is little to be gained with these when there is, comparatively speaking, a large group that responds readily to this sort of treatment.

The perennials easiest raised from the seed are the following: Adonis, aquilegia, Alyssum saxatile, Bellis perennis, geum, beris, myosotis, phlox, campanula, delphinium, dianthus, galliarda, Geranium sanguineum, digitalis, achillea, heuchera, aster, and yucca. This list by no means exhausts the possibilities. There are other varieties that the gardener as he becomes more expert will add to his collection.

A word of advice may be permissible in regard to the purchase of seeds. It is a matter of economy to buy of standard firms, whose seed may be depended upon to be true to name, good in quality and most likely to germinate, even if the price seems a little higher than that demanded by other firms. The gardener must remember that he is seeking to gain time, to grow sturdy stock, and that he offsets both if he uses weak seed. The plant can be no better than its source, and it is well to see to it that only reliable seeds are sown. Study the catalogues thoroughly, proceed cautiously in the selection of varieties, either in flowers or vegetables; rely on established sorts rather than upon "novelties" and, as it was suggested in the beginning, lose no time in ordering the seeds required.

If the soil of your garden is in good mechanical condition—that is, if it contains the proper amount of decayed vegetable matter—excellent results in the way of fertilizing may be obtained without the inconvenience of handling ordinary manure. Sheep manure may be bought in sacks and is excellent. It gives immediate results, strewn over and dug into the vegetable garden or placed directly in drills or hills, it promotes a rapid, steady growth until maturity. It makes rich and safe liquid manure, one pound in five gallons of water producing a mixture which can be used safely daily if necessary.

Bonemeal is good, but is not a complete fertilizer. Wood ashes should be used with caution, as the large amount of dye they contain may do mischief.

The best chemical fertilizer is what is known as a complete fertilizer, which is supplied under various names. Ask when you buy it how to use it and be sure to use no more than the directions permit. A very light sprinkling over the soil after sowing or plowing, then raked in, is best. Chemical fertilizers are very strong and will kill or injure plants if used to excess.

If the soil of your garden is not in good mechanical condition it must be properly manured before you can hope to have success. Dig in fresh horse manure and leave the ground rough and let the manure rot. When it is rotted spade up the ground again and perhaps planting may be done. Never dig fresh manure into the ground, however, just before planting.

Mine to Cost \$2,000,000.

A proposed new colliery in Warwickshire, England, is to cost \$2,000,000. Boring tests have proved the existence of a twenty foot vein 84 yards down. The sinking and fitting of a pair of shafts twenty to twenty-two feet in diameter will take five years.

NADRU-CO
LAXATIVES

are entirely different from others both in their composition and their effect—complete evacuation without purging or discomfort.

25c. a box at your druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

165

The Secret
Marriage

By Alfred Wilson Barrett

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited
London, Melbourne & Toronto.

(Continued)

And looking closer he saw that the stains did indeed resemble finger-marks, and that in one spot on the white linen there was clearly printed the impression of a man's thumb.

He gazed at the marks for a moment thoughtfully, and then looked quietly round for Odo Rivington. It was strange, he thought, that this man and he had taken an apparently instinctive dislike to one another; it was strange that his figure recalled that of the man who had been having that quarrel with the fair girl who had sung in Grosvenor Square and it was strange that Odo Rivington's right hand had been lately injured and bound up, and that these blood-stained finger-marks were upon his, Easton's cuff. Was it possible that the man of the taxi-cab and this angry gambler were one and the same individual; did he, too, know these attractive sisters, and was he, too, interested in them? Easton felt that he would much like to know. But he could see no sign of the man now in the large saloon. Odo Rivington had disappeared.

The Major turned to his young cousin.

"I am going home to bed, Charles," he said. "And if you take my advice you will do the same."

Charles's mouth full of sand-wich, shook his head. "No fear, he replied. This is my night out. I don't get luck like this every day. Follow your winnings and cut your losses, is my theory. I have never been able to do the last part, but I am a whale on the first. I am going to make a monkey to-night."

Then, rood-night and good-luck, said Easton.

Charles stared. "Oh, I say, but you were doing so well, he said. Surely you'll have another flutter."

The Major shook his head. "Queerly enough, with Mr. Odo Rivington's departure, all his interest in the gambling and the place had departed, and he felt a longing for a walk home and bed. No, old chap, thanks, he said. I am fed up with playing, even with winning. No, I am adamant. Good night."

And he made his way to the door. There were no formalities to be complied with in departing from this Palace of Chance, and he was soon outside and breathing the fresh air blowing from across the Park.

His rooms were in Victoria Street, at the further end near the station, where he occupied a small flat with only a man-servant to look after him; for though his discoveries had brought him both fortune and fame, his tastes had remained simple, and he had got out of the way of show and luxury.

What a lovely night, he thought, drawing into his tobacco-clotted lungs the cool night air, and looking up at the stars, which for London shone quite brightly. Not quite so clear as the Antarctic, but warmer. I shall sleep like a top after a walk home.

Eczema Always
Burning and Itching

Mr. N. Ostiguy.

Used Box of Cuticura Ointment and It Completely Disappeared.

"I have suffered from eczema for two years. The trouble began on one arm where there appeared a red spot of about a five-cent size, and it always widened, all the time itching and burning. The first days I didn't care, but seeing that it gained in size, I tried Cuticura Ointment, but both without success. It was always burning and itching. Having seen in the newspaper the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies, I tried a little, and seeing that it improved, I bought a box of the Cuticura Ointment. After having used one box, my eczema completely disappeared. The Cuticura Ointment should be kept in every home." (Signed) M. Ostiguy, Macville, Que., Jan. 14, 1911.

A Generation of Success

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the speediest and most economical treatment for itching, burning, scaly and bleeding skin and scalp humors, of young and old. A single set is often sufficient. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, post-free with 32-p. book on skin eruptions, send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole agents, 24 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

W. N. U. 916

It is always a rash thing in the world we live in to be sure of anything, but there was no word near for the Major to touch, in any case, even if he had thought of performing that operation, and thus averting the omen, and so, unconsciously, he continued his walk.

But if he had known what was going to happen to him before he went to bed that night, he would hardly have made such an assured assertion about his night's prospects.

Following Park Lane he turned into Piccadilly and, crossing that thoroughfare, strolled down Grosvenor Gardens and into Victoria street, crinkling the notes he had won in his trousers pockets, recalling the dark eyes of the girl who had played the violin, and quite contented with his evening's entertainment generally.

Victoria Street when he reached it was quiet and deserted, as only a London thoroughfare can appear at half-past two in the morning. Not even a policeman or a belated cab broke the stillness, and so far as any sign of life, save the faint distant cumber, never stirred in London. George might have been the last man left alive in the Great City.

He was just noticing this hush, a little awed by it, when suddenly from a window above his head came a scream, the cry of a woman in distress.

Stopping as if shot, Easton stood looking for a second wildly round him, unable to trace the direction from which the sound had come. The houses opposite to him were shuttered and shrouded in darkness, and like the rest of the street gave forth no sign of life.

Yet it was a woman's cry, he thought. And a woman in trouble, too. Now which house did it come from?

And then again, suddenly, from the house immediately above his head, there came the cry repeated and then the crash of broken glass. And down at his feet upon the pavement fell a lamp, which, striking the kerbstones, smashed and flew into a thousand splinters.

(To Be Continued)

When Charles P. Norcross, now a well-known Washington correspondent, was a reporter on the New York Tribune, he was sent on Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous in New York both for his wit and his good deeds.

Father Ducey was in the confessional. Norcross said he would wait, but was told that nobody was in the church, and that he could in and see Father Ducey and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt. He found the reverend father waiting and began a timid conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings.

Good-evening, Father.

Good-evening, my son.

Father, I am a reporter from the New York Tribune.

Very well; I absolve you from that.

Men's prerogative

Mrs. Neeps, the busy and decided wife of a farmer, has no romantic notions about men. She is much too occupied in doing the work her husband leaves undone to bother with such trifles.

So the energetic female with spectacles who tackled her on the Votes for Women question received a very chilly reception, and no encouragement at all.

But, my good woman, she persisted, don't you want a vote?

Mrs. Neeps shook her head vigorously, and in a most determined manner.

Not me, she snorted. What I say is that if there is one thing that menfolk can do by themselves let 'em do it, and welcome.

Children Only

It's a wonderful ride to the Land of Dreams.

Tho' it's funny how short the journey seems.

For it's ever so far.

The dream-man warbles his whistle and lo!

You're off—and you're there before you know.

Where you really are.

See a little head on the pillow laid

Two eyes with a heavy burden weighed.

That suddenly close.

Two winks—and he's there, and the game's begun—

"That nobody knows."

How then we grown-up folks would fain

That the dreamland people would build a train

So big as to let—

Us all embark for the country where

A man can get rid of his load of care,

And, perhaps, forget!

Little George's mama left him in the bathroom, brushing his teeth.

In a few minutes he ran to his mother and said: Look, mama! Ain't they clean? I used all the brushes up there!

Untold

The sandy haired little man was quite a joker.

He said to the boys in the lobby the other night: I've got the best story you ever heard on the male suffragettes.

It's a scream.

Go ahead and tell it, Pinky, said one of the listeners.

All right, the sandy haired man responded; then he chuckled and looked around. Maybe I'd better ask first if there's any male suffragette in the party.

A big man with thick shoulders, a heavy lower jaw and large, knotted hands, crowded a little closer.

I'm one of 'em, he said. Let's hear the story.

But just at that moment Pinky fancied he saw a friend over near the big doors and hurried away.

And the scream remains untold.

Irate Father—I'm getting tired of this nonsense. You've been engaged to that young man for six months.

Does he ever intend to marry you?

Daughter—You must have patience, please. Remember, he's an actor.

Irate Father—What has that to do with it?

Daughter—Why, he's fond of long engagements.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

An eminent scientist, the other day, gave his opinion that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood poisoning. Not one speck of microbe has been found that Zam-Buk does not kill!

Then again, As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget this.

Again, As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literary casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimier Ave., Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Co., and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him and in a few months it cured him. To-day—over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years—he is still cured, and has had no trace of any return of the eczema!

All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1c. stamp (to pay return postage). Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

The Lighthouse on Bird Rocks

The life of the lighthouse keeper is a dreary and monotonous one. There are among the many stations along the Canadian Atlantic seaboard a number of isolated and barren places on which it is necessary to maintain lighthouses for the guidance of the mariner. One of them is Bird Rocks, situated about ten miles from Magdalen Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The rock is 140 feet above sea level, of solid red slate and does not possess enough soil to grow a peck of potatoes. It is the haunt of innumerable sea birds and the home of the light-keeper.

To reach the top of the rock one has to climb a perpendicular ladder 130 feet in length.

During the month of March last the Halifax steamer Seal, then hunting for seals, observed the flag at the light station half-mast. Captain Farquhar forced the vessel through the hoary ice to the barricade of ice which was between forty and fifty feet high, and on climbing the ladder found the inhabitants—one woman, one young man and a little girl—in deep distress. The light-keeper's body was in an outhouse. He was drowned two days previously while duck shooting. The Seal took the body to Magdalen Islands for burial and the widow took up the duties of tending the light.

Mrs. Bourque is not likely to see another visitor's face until the government steamer arrives there during the summer with the regular supplies. Here is a weary vigil, a lonesome life.

Necessary to Go

Yes, I really must go tomorrow.

You can just as well stay till Monday.

But the folks are expecting me.

Telegraph them that you're going to stay.

I'm sorry, but if I stay I'm liable to lose \$1,000 on that deal I told you of.

Oh, pshaw, the deal can wait a few days.

My manager has written me that my business needs my attention.

Yes, but he is only afraid to assume a little responsibility. The business will be all right.

There is an important meeting of the directors that I really must attend.

Oh, they'll get along all right without you.

You know how much I'd like stay, but the fact is my railroad ticket runs out tomorrow.

Well, in that case, I suppose you will have to go. Be sure and come up to see us again in a month or two.

The Other View

William M. Chase at the recent sale of his pictures in New York, said to a reporter:

Yes, these are all good things—things collected with great care. You can't comment on them as the teacher once commented on the pupil's drawing. I draw what I see, the pupil said complacently. Well, the shock will come the teacher answered, when you see what you have drawn.

Hold ye' head high when you meet 'Thouban' let him pass on, 'complain' dat you is too proud to recognize him.

Corporal Mechanic

The motor-bus sported slowly along the street, gave three loud groans, and stopped with a jerk right opposite the cab-rank.

The driver got off, hurriedly dived beneath the bonnet, and then, throwing himself on the ground, crawled underneath the 'bus.

After a while he came out again, and, with a confident smile, attempted to restart the engine. But no, the engine wouldn't go.

Then he glared at the silent machine and scratched his head, and his mouth worked as if he communed with himself.

A caddy silently took his whip out of the socket, and, crossing to the infuriated man, held it out to him.

"Ere, Y'are, mate!" he said, with a ghost of a smile. "It 'im!"

An Exchange of Troubles

Jones has found a cure for tire trouble.

Eh! What's that?

He's bought a motorboat.

Read the Label

THIS BAKING POWDER IS COMPOSED OF THE FOLLOWING INGREDIENTS: THIS AND NONE OTHER: PHOSPHATE, BICARBONATE OF SODA, STARCH.

CONTAINS NO ALUM

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

Costs no more than the Alum Kinds

The only Baking Powder made in Canada that has all its ingredients plainly printed on the label.

For economy we recommend the one pound cans.

BE A MAN ONCE MORE

Any man addicted to the drink habit can banish his craving for alcoholic stimulants forever.

The Drink Habit Can Be Cured

IN THREE DAYS BY THE

NEAL TREATMENT

No Hypodermic Injections. No bad after effects. Completely removes all traces of alcohol from the system.

Write us today for full information.

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More About
The Loading Platform

The present generation of Western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years when no one could get a carload of grain shipped to bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system imposed the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftentimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now however the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmer's freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. Let farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely. It might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage. This we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men that mostly cause grain lockups on railways and not lack of cars. Let every farmer therefore, call all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers grain strictly on commission, make liberal advances on car bills of lading, supervise the grading at time cars are inspected, secure the highest prices at time of sale and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

Thompson Sons & Company

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

701-703 Y. GRAIN EXCHANGE. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

"I Want You to
Have My New
Portable
Granary"

"I have a money-saving invention—handy granaries to allow field threshing over your farm. Move them about each year. You save long hauls at harvest time. In spring you scatter small straw stacks—no burning of straw."



"These granaries come in compact bundles. A boy can set up and belt one together in a few hours. Four padlocks protect the grain. Separator delivery into a spout on the side or into roof manhole—saves work during threshing. Your grain is protected from vermin, wet and thieves. Sell it when you are ready, loading direct from the granary into your wagon, or bagging it. No musty or heated grain. Get my granary and be independent of elevators for selling. Sell at the highest price, no matter how long you store your grain. The Pedlar Granary protects you."

"Write me for my booklet. It shows how profitable my Granary is even on a single quarter-section farm. Use it for 1912. The Book Tells of Big Money for You."

The PEDLAR PEOPLE Limited

Write for Booklet No. 63 OSHAWA, ONT.

WINNIPEG CALGARY EDMONTON

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Direct your inquiry to the Pedlar place nearest you. They will answer you promptly and save you time.

The Pedlar Granary is fire-proof. Think what that means!

Homer, age 3, was explaining the use of a lead pencil to his little friend, his point is to be sharpened. That is the end you write with, and then, pointing to the rubber eraser, is what you write with when you don't like what you say.

There arrived, recently at Prince Rupert the largest shipment of creosoted piles ever sent so far north. These are to be used for bracing the piles of the new government dry dock in course of construction and made up a total shipment of nearly 500,000 feet of lumber.

The Greater Tragedy

The man whose daughter had just been united to the husband of her choice looked a little sad.

I tell you, squire, he said to one of the wedding guests, a man of his own age, and himself the father of a number of unmarried girls. I tell you it is a solemn thing for us when our daughters marry and go away.

The squire assented not altogether heartily.

I suppose it is, he conceded, but I tell you, it is more solemn when they don't.

Kendall's Spavin Cure
The Old Reliable
Horse Remedy

T H O U S A N D S of farmers and horsemen have saved money by using Kendall's Spavin Cure.

For Spavins, Curb, Ringbone, Splint, Bony Growths and Lameness from many other causes. These men know that Kendall's is a money saver and a horse saver. We can prove it by thousands of

Grateful Letters From Users

LANHAM, N.Y., Dec. 15th, 1911.

"I have a large stock of horses and am a user of Kendall's Spavin Cure. I must say that I always had the best satisfaction from its use. It can be recommended to any horse owner."

JOS. J. P. FORD.

PROMEN, LAKE, MAN. Dec. 14th, 1911.

"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for five years. I find it a sure cure for spavins."

Price \$1 per bottle & bottles \$5. Ask druggist for free book "Treatment of the Horse" or write to us.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Company

Barre, Vt., U. S. A.

A 7% Safe Investment

Money returned at end of one year or at end of any subsequent year, on 30 days' notice if desired.

The above security is the best investment ever offered in Canada. Business established 27 years.

Write at once for particulars.

National Securities Corporation Ltd.
Corporation Ltd. Building, Toronto

SHAW'S SCHOOLS

The Central Business College, Toronto, with four City branch schools, The Central Telegraph and Railroad School and The Shaw Correspondence School, are now commonly known as "Shaw's Schools." In these schools a great work is being done in training young people for business pursuits and for earning good salaries. The annual curriculum is interesting and is mailed free on sending request to W. H. Shaw, President, Toronto, Ont.

FOR sunburn, windburn, cracked lips, chaps, roughness or irritation after shaving, try

NA-DRU-CO**Witch Hazel Cream**

Its creamy ingredients soothe and soften the outer skin, while the Witch Hazel penetrates and heals the deeper tissues. Delightful after shaving or washing.

25c. a bottle, at your druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
of Canada, Limited, 197

CANCER

Back Free. A simple home treatment removed lump from this lady's breast. Old scars, ulcers and growths cured. Describe your trouble; we will send book and testimonials.

THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, LIMITED
10 CHURCHILL AVE., TORONTO

Maypole Soap

CLEANS AND DYES
Gives rich glowing colors, fades in sun or suds. Dyes cotton, silk, wool or mixtures. Use it yourself at home. No trouble—no fuss. 24 colors will give any shade. Colors black, blue, red, green, yellow, orange, pink, purple, etc. at your druggist's or post, and with booklet "How to Dye" from

F. L. BENEDET & CO., Montreal

CANADIAN NORTHERN S. S. CO. LIMITED

Canada to England and Continent.
Shortest route to London on 12,000 Ton Floating Palaces.

**Next Sailing from Montreal**

"Royal Edward" October 2nd and October 30th
"Royal George" October 16th and November 13th

Xmas Sailing—From Halifax

Royal Edward—November 17th.
"Royal George"—December 11th.
Further information from any rail or steamship agent, or write.

A. H. DAVIS, Gen. Agent,
272 Main Street, Winnipeg

A Soft Answer

John P. Irish spoke in California against woman suffrage. One night after a meeting in Sacramento a militant suffragette came up to him and said in stern, cruel tones:

John P. Irish, you're a lowdown liar! The truth isn't in you.

Madam, Irish rejoined, is it so bad as that? Wouldn't you believe anything I say?

Not a thing. I wouldn't believe a word you utter. You can't tell the truth!

In that case, replied Irish, permit me to say, madam, that you are a perfect lady.

Women Appreciate

the value of good looks—of a fine complexion, a skin free from blemishes, bright eyes and a cheerful demeanor. Many of them know, also, what it means to be free from headaches, backaches, lassitude and extreme nervousness, because many have learned the value of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

as the most reliable aid to better physical condition. Beecham's Pills have an unequalled reputation because they act so mildly, but so certainly and so beneficially. By clearing the system, regulating the bowels and liver, they tone the stomach and improve the digestion. Better feelings, better looks, better spirits follow the use of Beecham's Pills so noted the world over

For Their Good Effects

Sold everywhere. 25c. Women especially should read the directions with every box.

W. N. U. 916

LETTER-HEAD SWINDLERS

Warnings to Tradesmen and Others
The up-to-date swindler has to be something of a student of human nature. And one of the human weaknesses that he has discovered and made use of is the unreasoning confidence placed by the average business man in an imposing letter-head, especially if the letter-head is that of a firm of known respectability. One is apt to forget that a letter-head is an extremely easy thing to forge, with the result that one rarely suspects that the letter was not written by the firm whose name is printed on the note paper.

Of course, the letter-head swindler is not so clumsy as to walk into a printer's and order the name of a firm to be printed on note-paper. The chances of detection would be too great. He goes to work much more subtly.

He obtains, by any of a dozen different ways, the letter-head of a business concern. This he takes to a printer in the neighborhood, and asks him to set up a proof of the letter-head. If satisfactory the printer is to receive a good order.

In due time he calls for the proof, expresses satisfaction, but states that before giving the order, he must take it back to the governor.

He has now a clean piece of paper inscribed with the name of a reputable firm. He immediately writes upon it an order to another firm in the same line of business, stating that the goods are required in a hurry, and that our representative will call for them at a certain time.

Before there is time for correspondence he calls, and, stating that he has come for the goods referred to in the letter, coolly takes them away and leaves his victim to find perhaps some three months later, when an account is presented, that he has been duped, and that the firm to whom the goods were supposed to have been supplied have never even heard of the transaction.

When he is dealing with heavy and valuable goods this swindler, true to the principle that thoroughness pays, will frequently present himself with a cart which he has hired, and upon which he has invested a few shillings' worth of paint. And when the victim sees a substantial cart, with the name of his supposed customer on it, he is less likely than ever to request cash with order.

Another dodge of the letter-head swindler is to use this device as a means for persuading tradesmen to cash worthless cheques. He will loaf about small districts and note the names of the tradesmen's carts that deliver goods.

He will then have expensive note-paper headed with the name of one or more houses. On this he will write a request to the tradesman to cash a small cheque for his friend Mr. Cheatem. Armed with this, he will dress himself well, lounge into the shop in the earlier part of the morning, explain that he is staying at the particular house, draw an excuse for being suddenly short of cash, and in most cases obtain money for his worthless cheque.

It is more than probable that the tradesman will not carry in his head an accurate recollection of his customer's handwriting. He may never have seen it, as these bills are usually paid in coin. But if it happens that he does notice the handwriting the swindler is perfectly prepared.

The swindler will immediately explain that the lady of the house is indisposed and that it is the handwriting of her sister who is staying with her. However, if the tradesman would prefer it, he could doubtless obtain the lady's own written request, though he would have to send it into her bedroom; and, as he wants the money at once, he would be very greatly obliged if the tradesman could manage to send a man back with him to the house with the money, to be handed over when the man is satisfied.

This impudent bluff generally does the trick. The tradesman will not make trouble, even if he still suspects. He might possibly refuse, or send the man as requested, in which case the swindler would contrive to give him the slip.

Brave Marmaduke

Darling! The young man's tones were low and impassioned as he knelt at the fair girl's feet and pleaded with her. I would do anything for you, he vowed! For you I would give up all I have in the world; for you I would journey out to the ends of the earth; for you I would even lay down my life, and count myself honored!

The maid cast down her eyes. Marmaduke, she replied, in dulcet accents, if you would do all that for me, perhaps for my sake you would do one little thing more.

Yes, yes, he raved, his voice thick with love; only tell me, beloved—tell me your command, and I will fulfill it, though the whole world be against me!

The maid looked at him pretty straight.

Then would you kindly take your left knee off my right foot? she said calmly. You're kneeling on my favorite corn.

A Railway Expert

A Scotsman who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland, went to the United States in his later years and settled in a new section on the plains of the Far West. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railway through the district, and the Scotsman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters.

Hoot, mon, said he to the spokesman of the scheme, ye canna build a railway across this country.

Why not, Mr. Ferguson?

Why not? he repeated, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. Why not? And dinna ye see the country's as flat as a floor, and ye hae nae place whatever to run your toonells through!

They say babies smile in their sleep when they dream about angels.

That's nothing. So do musical comedy stars.

THE REVIEW, VULCAN, ALBERTA.**COCKSHUTT PLOW COMPANY LIMITED**

COCKSHUTT PLOWS
are best to buy because of quality of output and dependability for LONG, HARD service

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

SPARKLING WATER, cool and sweet, refreshes the farmer who builds a

Concrete Well or Tank

THE FARMER, above all others, appreciates good water. He drinks more water than the city man. The city-dweller is dependent upon the public water-supply for the purity of his water, while the farmer can have his own private source of water, and thus be sure that it is pure and healthful.

MAN hasn't found a better drink than cool water, properly collected and stored. But in order to keep water fresh and pure, a tank or well casing that will keep out every possible impurity must be used.

CONCRETE IS THE IDEAL MATERIAL FOR TANKS AND WELL-CASINGS.

It is absolutely water-tight, protecting your water from seepage of all kinds. It cannot rot or crumb. It is easily cleaned inside. Time and water, instead of causing it to decay, actually make it stronger.

OUR Farmers' Information Department will help you to decide how to build anything, from a porch to a silo. The service is free—you don't even have to promise to build. When in doubt ask the Information Department.

Address Publicity Manager

Canada Cement Company

Limited

506 HERALD BLDG., MONTREAL

THERE are scores of other uses for concrete on your farm—on every farm. If you would like to know of them, write for our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." The book is absolutely free.

WHEN you go to buy cement be sure that this label is on every bag and barrel. Then you know you are getting the cement that the farmers of Canada have found to be the best.



Reason Enough
Barber—Did your mother say I was to give you a close crop?
Boy—No, but I got a teacher who pulls hair.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Slow

Nellie—Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?

Belle—I guess not. He's like an hour glass.

Nellie—An hour glass?

Belle—Yes, the more time he gets the less sand he has.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

Yes, said the small boy to the reporter, who was looking for some news to put in his paper, mother fell downstairs and broke three legs.

Pshaw! What are you giving me, youngster? cried the reporter. Don't be too funny. Your mother hasn't got three legs.

I didn't say she had, retorted the wicked boy. The legs belonged to a table which mother fell against. She wasn't hurt at all.

Aunt Anna asked her little nephew what he would like to give his cousin for his birthday.

I know, he answered, but I ain't big enough.

Do you think it is becoming? she asked, appearing in her newest gown.

Don't bother about that! gushes the friend. — It is perfect! It is simply delicious!

My dear, it makes you look absolutely helpless.

Triumph of Reason

Damocles saw the sword suspended in the hair.

Since it can't cut the hair, I judge your wife has been sharpening her pencil, he remarked to the king.

There are over twenty-four thousand Justices of the Peace in England and Wales.

RIGHT HOME

Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of caffeine—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it, too, contains the drug caffeine.

When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum he can refer with full conviction to his own case.

A Mo. physician prescribes Postum for many of his patients because he was benefited by it. He says:

"I wish to add my testimony in regard to that excellent preparation—Postum. I have had functional or nervous heart troubles for over 15 years, and a part of the time was unable to attend to my business."

"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum."

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach."

"When made right it has a much better flavour than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to our people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

As Far as He Had Traced It

Can you tell me where this road leads to? asked the man in the automobile.

No, replied the farmer. I understand you can reach Chicago by following it but I couldn't tell you where it goes after that.

Lambent and Docile

History lesson was in progress, and the class was in trouble.

Teacher's patience was wearing thin, and her sweet face lost its complacency as question after question failed to get an answer.

Then she brightened up. She had reached the star pupil of the class.

Now, Tommy, she said encouragingly. Mary followed Edward VI. And who followed Mary?

Oh, yes, Tommy knew that! His answer was swift.

Her little lamb, teacher! he shouted triumphantly.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS**KILLS LITTLE ONES**

At first signs of illness during the hot weather, give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours he may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child and will promptly cure these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home—where there are young children. There is no other medicine so good and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they are absolutely safe. Mrs. Chas. Lapierre, Les Bouches, Que., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine a mother can give her little ones and I always keep them in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Big League Reprieve

The baseball manager inspected the applicant for a job.

Well, young man, he asked, what can you do?

I can do something no other pitcher can. I'm a ventriloquist. I can throw my voice.

Nothing doing, my son. The umpire would call a brawl on you every time.

Asthma Brings Misery, but Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy will replace the misery with welcome relief. Inhaled as smoke or vapor it reaches the very innermost recesses of the bronchial passages and soothes them. Restriction passes and easy breathing returns. If you knew as well how this remedy would help you as do thousands of grateful users, there would be a package in your home to-night. Try it.

Hard

Maud—Beatrix has lost twenty pounds lately; her new gowns are perfect successes; her sweetheart proposed to her last night; her rich uncle died yesterday and left her a million, and now she has to go to his funeral today and try to look sad.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper**Dollars Versus Hairs**

Gibbs—In a way I've as much as John D.

Dibbs—Nonsense! Why, Rockefeller has a dollar for every hair on your head.

Gibbs—Well, I'll bet I've a dollar for every hair on his head.



Tread softly—Step safely.

CAT'S PAW RUBBER SOLES

Embody the patented features of Cat's Paw Heels.

WINCHESTER LOOK FOR THE RED W**Rifle and Pistol Cartridges**

Winchester cartridges adapted to Winchester rifles are made so as to get the best possible results out of them. As the same equipment, organization and system are employed in making all Winchester cartridges, the natural consequence is that Winchester cartridges give the best results in all firearms. Winchester cartridges are made in calibers and sizes for all rifles, revolvers and pistols. Be sure to ask for the Red W Brand.

In Practice

Husband—Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg.

Wife—Well, I should be better off than some poor women who never had any practice.

Too Many Spectators

He (soulfully)—There are thousands of stars tonight looking down upon you.

She—Is my hat on straight?

Denmark exports the greater proportion of its butter to the United Kingdom.

During the last few years the price of raw produce of farms in the United States of America has risen by 36 per cent.

The Worst of It

Merchant—It seems to me that you ask high wages considering that you have had no experience in this business.

Clerk—Ah, but you forget that that's just what makes it all the harder for me.

A Sure Return

Out to luncheon—back in five minutes, read the sign on the door.

Are you sure he will get back that soon? asked the anxious caller.

Yes'm, said the wise office boy. He ain't got the price of a ten minutes lunch in his clothes.

Pupil (to schoolmaster)—Sir, would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report?—My parents suffer dreadfully from nerves.

**EMPIRE NAVY PLUG Chewing Tobacco**

A highgrade chew for those who want something better than usual.

"Empire Navy Plug" is an exceptionally choice chewing tobacco—rich, tasty and lasting.

You are sure to like "Empire Navy Plug".

ALL LIVE DEALERS HAVE IT—ASK YOURS.

Go to -
Brown & Rutherford
for satisfactory
Gasoline Repairs
and
General Tinsmithing

VULCAN

HAS

MADE

GOOD

COME

and

SEE!

A Growth Miraculous

IRVING'S, LTD.
HARNESS
FURNITURE
HARNESS
REPAIRING
VULCAN STREET, - VULCAN

Wanted, For Sale

Lost and Found

LOST.

Sorrell horse, bald face, three white feet, lump on shoulder, three years old. Brown horse, branded J-B, wire cut on right hip. Have been gone 3 weeks. \$10.00 reward is offered for their return or for information leading to their recovery.

MAGNUS HANSEN.

3 miles north of Vulcan

Money to Loan

Farmers wishing to take out loans on their land can not do better than consult me before doing so as I have the best proposition in the business. Grains and granaries insured at the lowest rates.

Alexander Trail.

FOR SALE.

All of section 18-17-23-4, at the rate of \$17.50 per acre, cash. Address all communications to

F. A. GROSENBAUGH,
Fort Dodge, Iowa.

LOST.

A halter. Somewhere in front of the Imperial Hotel. Finder kindly leave at Dodds' Livery Barn.

R. E. DODDS.



BICKMORE'S GALL CURE

the genuine with trade mark on every box. A sure cure for galls and wounds of any kind on horse and cattle. Will cure galls under the hooves while the horse is worked. 25 cents per box.

Sold at Irving's

THE VULCAN REVIEW
Every Tuesday
Vulcan - Alberta

Subscription \$1.00 in Advance

Advertising rates given by the Manager

F. D. ROGERS, Publisher

J. F. ANSTETT, Manager

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1913

C. P. R. Time Table

Going north 9:22 a. m., going south 20:58. Lethbridge-Calgary direct.

Local News of Interest

Several new threshing outfits have arrived.

The Imperial Oil company has placed two tanks in the C.P.R. yards.

M. F. Earp doesn't say much but he sure knows how to sell land. Just watch him.

The frame of the Spooner clothing store is now up and the work on the interior will commence at once.

Is there a Stampede in Vulcan? No! It is only the crowds going to the Vulcan Meat Market for pails of "Home"

The McArthur half section west of town, has been purchased by an Idaho man, the sum of \$12,800 being paid for it.

Real estate always moves wherever A. Mitchell & Co. are located. A. Mitchell & Co. are located in Vulcan. That's why Vulcan real estate moves.

Mrs. M. Kaiser has moved to the new Dunlop residence on Neptune street. Mr. Spooner will occupy for a short time, the house vacated by Mrs. Kaiser on Apollo street.

We understand that R. E. Dodds will shortly install electric lights throughout his livery and feed stable. The power will be supplied direct from the hotel.

The Saturday Tea, served by the Ladies Aid at the home of Mrs. A. Mitchell, was very successful. A good sized collection was made and everyone enjoyed themselves.

The building now occupied by the Bank of Hamilton has been moved to the adjacent two lots in order to make room for the new two-storey affair which will shortly be erected by them.

Threshing is now general throughout all parts of the country lying tributary to Vulcan, and with the prolonged good weather now prevalent, we need have no fear for the ultimate outcome of this fall's crop.

Arthur Howes, brother to Mrs. Hay, is having a modern residence erected on Minerva street. Mr. Howes will sail from England on the 26th instant, and will take up his sister's work in the school here on his arrival.

The Imperial hotel was opened to the public this week. It is the largest and best equipped hotel between Calgary and Lethbridge. The exterior is finished in cement block effect, while the interior is electric-lighted, steam-heated and a complete system of waterworks has been installed.—Herald.

Back With a Bride.

Sept. 21.—E. J. Thorne returned home last week, after a few days' absence, bringing his bride with him. It was a great surprise to his many friends, who all wish him much joy and prosperity. We regret to hear of the accident which resulted in the loss of part of his index finger on the right hand, which had to be amputated, after being badly bruised whilst roping a calf at Tongue creek.

The C. P. R. has moved into its new station here, which is a great improvement on the old one. J. R. Black, from Cranbrook, is the new agent.

D. L. Morrow has arrived with his family, from Granum. Mr. Morrow is local manager for the National Elevator at this point.

Threshing is expected to start in full swing on Monday, and there will be lots of grain marketed at this point it is expected.

A telephone switch board is being installed here, with a capacity of 20 instruments, which will eventually give us good service. A rural line is being built east from Aldersyde this fall.

The round house and tank on the north line is now complete.

A tank is badly needed here, also an up-to-date hotel.

Station buildings are to be erected to Gladys siding.

People Who Come and Go

Frank Wilson was under the weather for a short spell last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Terwilliger and guests spent the week-end at Banff.

Miss Mackenzie, of Ontario, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. H. F. Richardson.

Mrs. Raney is reported much improved after her recent attack of illness.

Baptist services were held in the hall on Sunday morning, conducted by Rev. Pickle.

Rev. Dr. Melvor, of Okotoks, will exchange pulpits with Rev. D. K. Allen next Sunday.

Mr. Bacon and family have moved to the house formerly occupied by Messrs. Wickie and Reed.

John Dorch, who suffered a slight relapse from his attack of typhoid, is now on the road to recovery.

Dr. C. Galbraith was in Vulcan last week attending to Dr. Carson's duties, during the absence of the latter.

Lee Christianson is back once more after a few months stay at Gleichen, where he has been helping in the round up.

Mrs. A. T. Martin entertained on Monday afternoon from three to seven, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Stephens, of Niagara Falls.

Wm. Melroy, of the Bank of Hamilton, formerly located at the Cayley branch, has been transferred to a position in the branch at this point.

Some interesting real estate deals are just reported. T. R. Farrand has sold his farm to Dell Z. Carr, a successful Okotoks farmer. The price was \$30 per acre.

Miss Mann, of Cayley, has been placed in charge of the Vulcan telephone exchange. Miss Mann has for some time been in control of the Cayley exchange.

Harvest Dance.

A harvest dance will be given at Hub dancing parlors on Friday, Oct. 4. Everybody welcome. Supper served. Tickets \$1.25. C. B. Shimp.

Herald Crop Report

BLACKIE—Crops in a good condition. About seventy-five per cent. of grain in this district already cut. Slight damage by frost, but weather last week was excellent and threshing will be in full swing within ten days. Farmers are well satisfied with the prospects.

VULCAN, Alta.—Ninety per cent. of wheat, seventy-five of oats, and all flax is cut in this district. Dul weather with cold winds prevented ripening the latter part of week, while early this week weather was much warmer. Much hay has been put up but only small quantity of grain is being cut for green feed. Late grain has suffered considerable from frost but all will be harvested. Threshing will be general this week. New ground yielding forty bushels, while grain on stubble is from twenty-five to thirty-five. All wheat marketed has graded No. 2.

Fall Millinery

Mrs. Metcalfe has left her display of Fall Millinery in charge of Miss Douglas of Elves Bros. Miss Douglas will be very pleased to show these lovely and fashionable hats to all inquirers. Ready-to-wear hats in Elves' window. Mrs. Metcalfe will be in Vulcan shortly.

Presbyterian Services

Bible class and Sunday school 11 a.m. Highland 3 p.m. Evening service (Vulcan) 7:30 p.m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Rev. D. K. ALLAN, Pastor. The choir meets for practice every Thursday evening at 8 p.m. A special service by the choir will be given the first Sunday of each month.

Mr. R. GLOYER, Pianist. The Ladies' Aid meets on the last Thursday in each month at 3 p.m.

Mrs. D. K. ALLAN, Pres. Mrs. F. A. ELVES, Sec.

NOTICE

Local Improvement District No. 9-R-4

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against Local Improvement District No. 9-R-4 are required to send particulars of such claim to T. A. Bryant, Reid Hill, Alta., the secretary of said district before the seventh day of November, 1912, and that any person who fails to do so shall be deemed of his right to recover the same from said district or any other district that may become liable for the liabilities thereof. Dated at Reid Hill this tenth day of September 1912.

T. A. Bryant, Secretary, Local Improvement District No. 9-R-4.

VULCAN
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable
Corner Atlantic Avenue and Neptune Street
Stock left in our care will have the best of attention
EVERYTHING NEW AND UP-TO-DATE
Horses Bought and Sold on Commission
A Full Line of Rigs of All Kinds for Sale
R. E. DODDS, Prop.

Real Estate, Insurance
Conveyancing

Money to Loan on Terms to suit
Quickest Results

Having practically purchased the entire business of Roberts & Hunt, and having taken over the Companies represented by them, I am now able, through my improved loaning facilities, to obtain loans suitable to farmers, especially in the east country.

M. F. EARP

HUB HALL
VULCAN
FOR RENT
C. B. SHIMP

Farmers Attention!

Now is the time to consider the
Transportation of the Bumper Crop
to need a wagon, come around and inspect the
Bettendorf Steel Gear

Indestructible. Also
The Columbus Wood Gear Has no
E. J. CHARTERS, Agt. Superior



7 POINTS
—THE PERFECT NUMBER—

Sold by

H. W. REEVES
General Store
Vulcan, Alta.

Don't Pay Rent

Build a Home of Your Own

Money to Loan
on Easy Terms

If you want to buy or sell a farm or get a loan on your property, see me. I can save you money.

Also agent for the Case Threshing Machine.

GUS. L. JOHANSON

BANK OF HAMILTON
CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$ 2,870,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits..... 3,500,000
Total Assets..... 44,000,000
TO provide against a possible "Rainy Day" is not the only reason for regular saving. A bank account gives you the feeling of independence and security that keeps your mind free from worry—that makes you better able to meet the world on an even footing and to take advantage of opportunities that come your way.
Open your account at the Bank of Hamilton, where courteous, efficient banking service is provided for the deposit of small, as well as large, accounts.
Head Office
HAMILTON
Vulcan Branch
A. E. TRAIL
Agent